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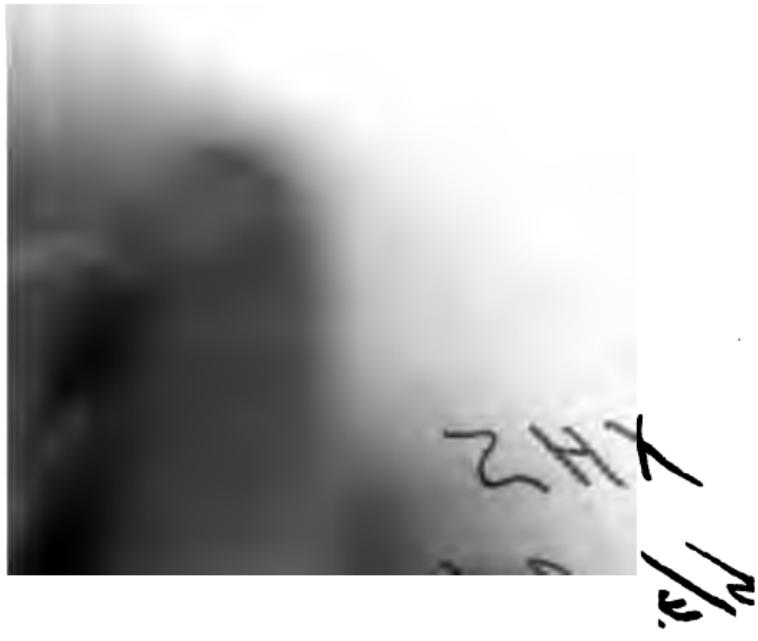


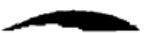
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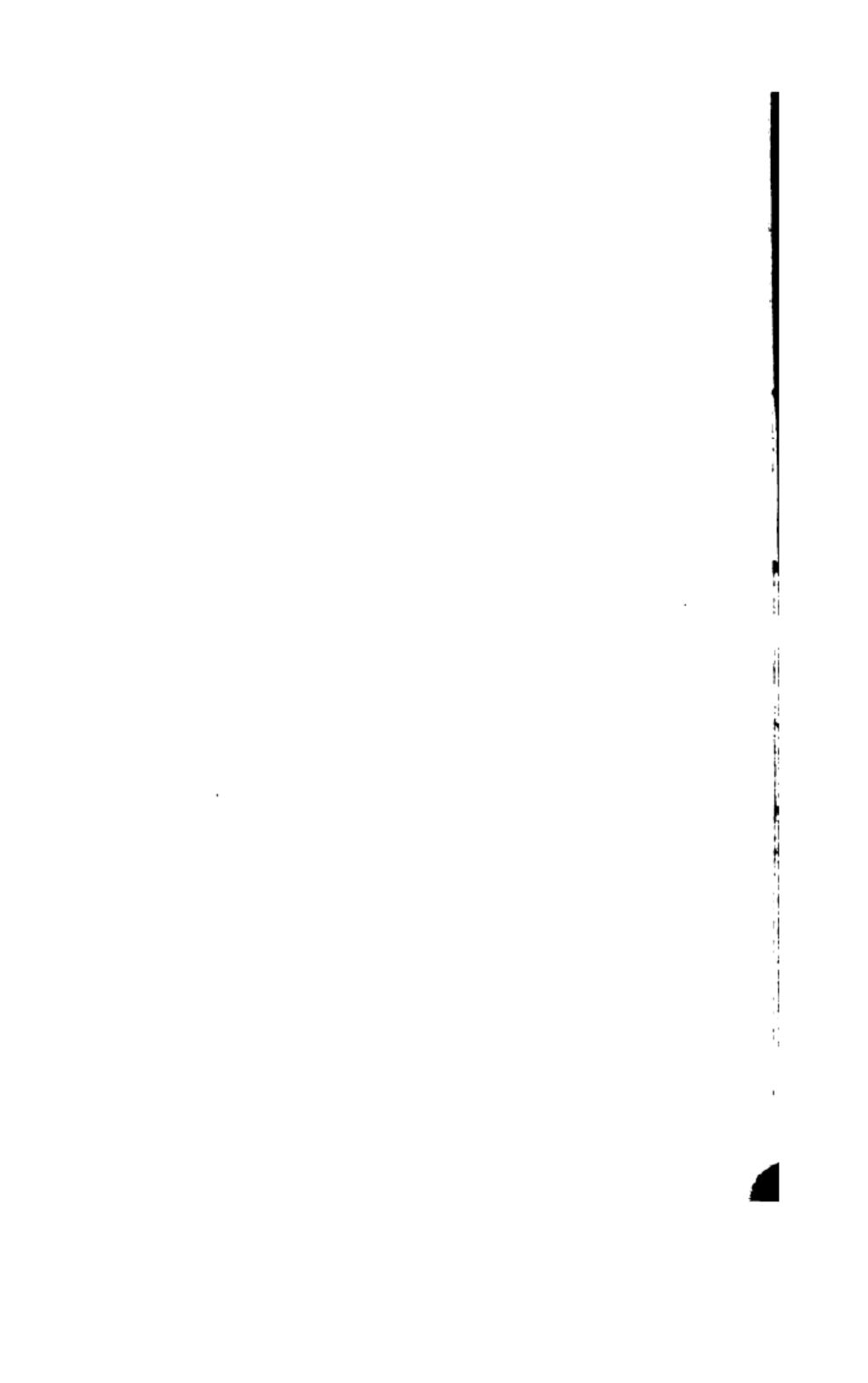
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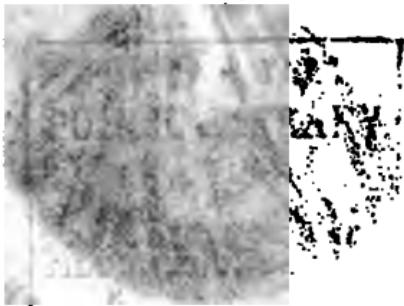




1. Hymns, Denomination
Methodist chur.

ZHX
Whiteman







REV.^d GEORGE WHITEFIELD

Engraved by J. Hepw. d.

A
COLLECTION
OF
HYMNS
FOR
SOCIAL WORSHIP,

More particularly designed for
THE USE OF THE TABERNACLE AND
CHAPEL CONGREGATIONS.

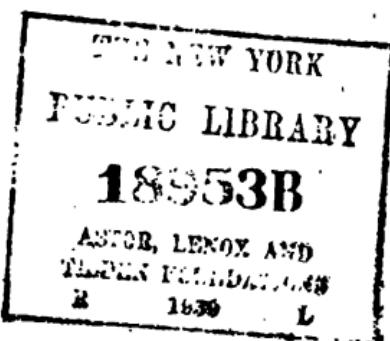
BY GEORGE WHITEFIELD,
Late of Pembroke College, Oxford, and Chaplain to
the Right Hon. Countess of Huntingdon.

A NEW EDITION.

Embellished with a Portrait of the
REV. G. WHITFIELD.

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P R E F A C E.

COURTEOUS READER,

IF thou art acquainted with the divine life, I need not inform thee, that although all the acts and exercises of devotion are sweet and delightful; yet we never resemble the blessed worshippers above more than when we are joining together in public devotion, and with hearts and lips unfeigned singing praises to Him who sitteth upon the throne for ever. Consequently, Hymns composed for such a purpose ought to abound much in thanksgiving, and to be of such a nature, that all who attend may join in them without being obliged to sing lies, or not sing at all.—Upon this plan the following Collection is founded. They are intended purely for social worship, and so altered in some particulars, that I think all may safely concur in using them. They are short, because I think three or four stanzas, with a doxology, are sufficient to be sung at one time. I am no great friend to long sermons, long prayers, or long hymns; they generally weary instead of edifying, and therefore, I think, should be avoided by those who preside in any public worshipping assembly. Besides, as the generality of those who receive the Gospel are commonly the poor of the flock, I have studied cheapness

39 X ^A 688

as well as conciseness. Much in a little is what God gives us in his word; and the more we imitate such a method in our public performances and devotions, the nearer we come up to the pattern given us in the Mount. I think myself justifiable in publishing some Hymns by way of dialogue, for the use of the Society, because something like it is practised in our cathedral churches; but much more so, because the celestial choir is represented in the book of the Revelations answering one another in their heavenly anthems. That we all may be inspired and warmed with a like divine fire while singing below, and be translated after death to join with them in singing the Song of Moses and the Lamb above, is the earnest prayer of,

Courteous Reader,

Thy ready servant, for Christ's sake,

G. W.

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AN
HYMN
TO THE
HOLY GHOST.

Extracted from the Ordination Office.

COME, HOLY GHOST, our souls inspire,
And lighten with celestial fire.
Thou the anointing Spirit art,
Who dost thy sev'nfold gifts impart.
Thy blessed unction from above,
Is comfort, life, and fire of love.
Illumine with perpetual light
The dulness of our blinded sight.
Anoint and cheer our soiled face
With the abundance of thy grace.
Keep far our foes, give peace at home:
Where thou art guide, no ill can come.
Teach us to know the FATHER, SON,
And Thee, of both, to be but one;
That through the ages all along,
This, this may be our endless song;—
Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,
Praise him all creatures here below,
Praise him above; ye heav'ly host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

HYMNS

FOR

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

HYMN I.

AT THE OPENING OF WORSHIP.

NOW may the Spirit's holy fire,
Descending from above,
His waiting family inspire
With joy, and peace, and love!

How wretched do our souls appear,
If thou refuse to bless!
We seem to utter heartless prayer,
And offer vain address.

Wake, heav'nly wind, arise and come;
Blow on the drooping field;
Our splices then shall breathe perfume,
And fragrant incense yield.

Touch with a living coal, the lip
That shall proclaim thy word,
And bid each awful hearer keep
Attention to the Lord.

Then shall we prove thy worship sweet,
And love thy sacred courts;
Where saints in blest communion meet,
And God, *our* God, resorts.

(2)

HYMN II. *The Same.*

FAR from our thoughts, vain world, be gone,
Let our religious hours alone;
O may our eyes our Saviour see!
We wait a visit, Lord, from thee.

O warm our hearts with holy fire,
And kindle there a pure desire.
Come, our dear Jesus, from above,
And feed our souls with heav'nly love.

Blest Jesus, what delicious fare!
How sweet thy entertainments are!
Never did angels taste above,
Redeeming grace and dying love.

Hail, great Immanuel, all divine!
In thee thy Father's glories shine:
Thou brightest, sweetest, fairest One,
That eyes have seen, or angels known!

HYMN III. *Public Worship.*

LORD, we come before thee, now;
At thy feet we humbly bow;
Oh! do not our suit disdain;
Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain?
Lord, on thee our souls depend;
In compassion now descend;
Fill our hearts with thy rich grace,
Tune our lips to sing thy praise.

(3)

In thine own appointed way,
 Now we seek thee, here we stay;
 Lord, we know not how to go,
 Till a blessing thou bestow ;
 Send some message from thy word,
 That may joy and peace afford ;
 Let thy Spirit now impart
 Full salvation to each heart.

Comfort those who weep and mourn,
 Let the time of joy return :
 Those who are cast down, lift up ;
 Make them strong in faith and hope ;
 Grant that those who seek may find
 Thee a God supremely kind :
 Heal the sick, the captive free,
 Let us all rejoice in thee.

HYMN IV. *The Same.*

COME worship at Immanuel's feet,
 See in his face what wonders meet ;
 Words are too feeble to express
 His worth, his glory, or his grace.
 When shall we climb those higher skies,
 Where storms and tempests never rise,
 Where he unveils his lovely face,
 And shines and reigns the God of grace ?
 Nor earth, nor air, nor sun, nor stars,
 Nor heav'n, his full resemblance bears ;
 His beauties we can never trace
 Till we behold him face to face.

HYMN V. *Invitation.*

HI THER, ye poor, ye sick, ye blind,
A sin-disorder'd trembling throng;
To you the Gospel calls, to you
Messiah's blessings all belong.

Reason's and Virtue's boasting sons
Derive no blessings from this tree,
For sinners only Jesus died,
Then sure I hear he died for me.

'T was with our griefs Messiah groan'd,
'T was with our guilt his soul was tried;
Our punishment he took, he bore,
And sinners liv'd when Jesus died.

Awake each heart, arise each soul,
And join the blissful choirs above:
May nothing tune our future song,
But heav'nly wisdom, heav'nly love.

HYMN VI. *The Same.*

SINNERS, obey the Gospel-word,
Haste to the supper of our Lord;
Be wise to know your glorious day,
All things are ready, come away.

Ready the Father is to own,
And kis his late-returning son;
Ready the loving Saviour stands,
And spreads for you his bleeding hands.

Ready the Spirit of his love,
Just now the stony heart to move;
T' apply and witness with the blood;
And wash, and seal you sons of God.

Ready for you the angels wait,
To triumph in your blest estate;
Tuning their harps, they long to praise
The wonders of redeeming grace.

Come then, ye sinners, to your Lord,
To happiness in Christ restor'd:
His proffer'd benefits embrace,
And live the subjects of his grace.

HYMN VII. *The Same.*

LE^T ev'ry mortal ear attend,
And ev'ry heart rejoice,
The trumpet of the Gospel sounds
With an inviting voice.

Ho, all ye hungry starving souls,
That feed upon the wind,
And vainly strive with earthly toys
To fill an empty mind:

Eternal wisdom hath prepar'd
Asoul-reviving feast;
And bids our longing appetites
The rich provision taste.

(6.)

Ho, ye that pant for living streams,
And pine away and die,
Here you may quench your raging thirst,
With springs that never dry.

Dear God, the treasures of thy love
Are everlasting mines ;
Deep as our helpless mis'ries are,
And boundless as our sins.
The happy gates of Gospel-grace
Stand open night and day ;
Lord, we are come to seek supplies,
And drive our wants away.

HYMN VIII. *Thanksgiving.*

BLESS, O my soul, the living God,
Call home thy thoughts that rove abroad ;
Let all the pow'rs within thee join
In work and worship so divine.

Bless, O my soul, the God of grace ;
His favours claim thy highest praise ;
Why should the wonders he hath wrought
Be lost in silence, and forgot ?

'T is he, my soul, that sent his Son,
To die for crimes which thou hast done ;
He owns the ransom, and forgives
The hourly follies of our lives.

Our youth decay'd, his pow'r repairs ;
His mercy crowns our growing years ;
He satisfies our mouth with good,
And feeds our hopes with heavy'nly food.

Let the whole earth his pow'r confess,
 Let the whole earth adore his grace;
 The Gentile with the Jew shall join
 In work and worship so divine.

HYMN IX. *The Same:*

MY soul repeat his praise,
 Whose mercies are so great;
 Whose anger is so slow to rise,
 So ready to abate.

High as the heav'ns are rais'd
 Above the ground we tread,
 So far the riches of his grace
 Our highest thoughts exceed.

The pity of the Lord,
 To those that fear his name,
 Is such as tender parents feel:
 He knows our feeble frame.

Our days are as the grass,
 Or like the morning flow'r;
 If one sharp blast sweep o'er the field,
 It withers in an hour.

But thy compassions, Lord,
 To endless years endure;
 And children's children ever find
 Thy word of promise sure.

HYMN X. *God's Goodness to his People.*

THE Lord supplies his people's need,
 Jehovah is his name ;
 In pastures fresh he makes them feed,
 Beside the living stream.

He brings their wand'ring spirits back,
 When they forsake his ways ;
 And leads them, for his mercy's sake,
 In paths of truth and grace.

When they walk through the shades of death,
 His presence is their stay ;
 A word of his supporting breath
 Drives all their fears away.

His hand, in sight of all their foes,
 Doth still their table spread ;
 Their cup with blessings overflows,
 His oil anoints their head.

The sure provisions of our God
 Attend us all our days ;
 O may his house be our abode,
 And all our works his praise.

HYMN XI. *Morning Worship.*

O LORD, how many are our foes,
 In this weak state of flesh and blood !
 Our peace they daily discompose,
 But our defence and hope is God.

Tir'd with the burdens of the day,
 To thee we rais'd an ev'ning cry ;
 Thou heard'st when we began to pray,
 And thine almighty help was nigh.
 Supported by thine heav'nly aid,
 We laid us down and slept secure ;
 Not death should make our hearts afraid,
 Though we should sleep and rise no more.
 But God sustain'd us all the night,
 Salvation doth to God belong :
 He rais'd our head to see the light,
 And he shall have our morning song.

HYMN XII. *The Same.*

RISE, our souls, to praise the care
 Of Jesu's true and good :
 Sing to him whose robes appear
 As newly dipt in blood.
 By his pow'r we live to see
 The dawning of another day :
 Farther favour'd may we be,
 When here no more we stay.
 O may we in righteousness,
 In Jesu's arms awake ;
 And the joys the saints possess,
 With them ere long partake :
 With our common Father fit,
 And in his heav'nly kingdom praise,
 (Bowing down before his feet,)
 The riches of his grace.

HYMN XIII. *The Same.*

COME, let us adore
The Lord's gracious hand,
(Our great Governor,)

Who gave a command
And charge to his angels
To watch round our bed,
To guard us from evils,
From dangers and dread.

Our Shepherd alone,
The Lord, let us bless,
Who reigns on his throne,
The Prince of our peace;
Who evermore saves us,
By shedding his blood:
All hail, holy Jesus,
Our Lord and our God.

We daily will sing
Thy merits, thy praise,
Thou merciful spring
Of pity and grace;
Thy kindness for ever
To men we will tell;
And say our dear Saviour
Redeems us from hell.

Preserve us in love,
While here we abide;
Nor ever remove,
Nor cover, nor hide

Thy glorious salvation,
Till joyful we see
The beautiful vision
Completed in thee.

HYMN XIV. *The Same.*

CHRIST, whose glory fills the skies,
Christ, the true, the only light,
Son of righteousness, arise,
Triumph o'er the shades of night;
Day-spring from on high, be near,
Day-star, in our hearts appear.
Dark and cheerless is the morn,
Unaccompanied by thee;
Joyless is the day's return,
Till thy mercy's beams we see,
Lord, thine inward light impart,
Cheering each benighted heart.
Visit ev'ry soul of thine,
Pierce the gloom of sin and grief;
Fill with radiancy divine,
Scatter all our unbelief;
More and more thyself display,
Shining to the perfect day.

HYMN XV. *Evening Worship.*

THE Saviour who kept us to-day,
The Lamb, who took our sins away,
Our thankful souls shall bless;
Thou worthy art, O Son of God,
Of endless praise; for in thy blood
Saints sweetly rest in peace.

We lay us down, and thou, O Lord,
 With all thy angels us wilt guard;
 Our souls to thee we trust;
 Thou shalt (for thou art able) keep
 Our souls among the fellowship
 Of saints through thee made just.

HYMN XVI. *The Same.*

NOW, from the altar of our hearts,
 Let incense flames arise;
 Assist us, Lord, to offer up
 Our evening sacrifice.

Awake our love, awake our joy;
 Awake our heart and tongue:
 Sleep not, when myst'ries loudly call,
 Break forth into a song.

Minutes and mercies multiplied,
 Have made up all this day;
 Minutes came quick, but mercies were
 More fleet and free than they.

New time, new favours, and new joys,
 Do a new song require:
 Till we shall praise thee as we would,
 Accept our hearts' desire.

Lord of our time, whose hand hath set
 New time upon our score;
 Thee may we praise for all our time,
 When time shall be no more.

HYMN XVII. *Morning and Evening.*

O GOD, how endless is thy love,
 Thy gifts are ev'ry evening new ;
 And morning mercies, from above,
 Gently distil like early dew.
 Thou spread'st the curtain of the night,
 Great Guardian of our sleeping hours ;
 Thy sov'reign word restores the light,
 And quickens all our drowsy pow'r's.
 We yield our powers to thy command,
 To thee we consecrate our days ;
 Perpetual blessings from thy hand
 Demand perpetual songs of praise.

HYMN XVIII. *On the Lord's Day.*

THIS is the day the Lord hath made,
 He calls the hours his own ;
 Let heav'n rejoice, let earth be glad,
 And praise surround the throne.
 To-day Christ rose, and left the dead,
 And Satan's empire fell ;
 To-day the saints his triumphs spread,
 And all his wonders tell.
 Hosannah to th' anointed King,
 To David's holy Son ;
 Help us, O Lord ; descend, and bring
 Salvation from thy throne.
 Hosannah, in the highest strains
 The church on earth can raise ;
 The highest heav'ns, in which he reigns,
 Shall give him nobler praise.

HYMN XIX. *The Same.*

WELOCOME, sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise ;
Welcome to this reviving breast,
And these rejoicing eyes.

The King himself comes near,
And feasts his saints to-day :
Here we may fit and see him here,
And love, and praise, and pray.

One day amidst the place
Where our dear God hath been,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Of pleasurable sin.

O may we ever stay
In such a frame as this ;
And sweetly sing our souls away
To everlasting bliss.

HYMN XX. *The Same.*

SWEET is thy work, O God, our King,
To praise thy name, give thanks and sing :
To show thy love by morning light,
And talk of all thy truth by night.

Sweet is the day of sacred rest,
No mortal care should seize our breast :
O may our hearts in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound.

Our hearts shall triumph in thee, Lord,
And b'efs thy work, and b'efs thy word ;
Thy works of grace, how bright they shine !
How deep thy counsels, how divine !

O may we see, and hear, and know,
What mortals cannot reach below :
May all our pow'rs find sweet employ
In thine eternal world of joy.

HYMN XXI. *Longing for the House of God.*

LORD of the worlds above,
How pleasant and how fair
The dwellings of thy love,
Thy earthly temples are !
To his abode,
My soul aspire,
With warm desire
To see thy God.

O happy souls that pray
Where God appoints to hear !
O happy men that pay
Their constant service there !

They praise Christ still ;
And happy they,
Who love the way
To Zi'n's hill.

They go from strength to strength,
Through this dark vale of tears ;
Till each arrive at length,
Till each in heav'n appears.

(16)

O glorious seat !
Our God and King,
Us thither bring
To kiss thy feet.

The Lord his people loves :
His hand no good withholds
From those his heart approves,
From praying humble souls.

Thrice happy he,
O God of hosts,
Whose spirits trust
Alone in thee !

HYMN XXII. *The Same.*

HOW pleasant, how divinely fair,
O Lord of hosts, thy dwellings are ;
The new-born soul both longs and faints
To meet th' assemblies of thy saints.

Blest are the souls that find a place
Within the temple of thy grace ;
There they behold thy gentler rays,
And seek thy face, and learn thy praise.

Blest are the men whose hearts are set
To find the way to Zion's gate ;
God is their strength, and through the road
They lean upon their helper God.

Oh may we walk with growing strength,
Till we all meet in heav'n at length ;
Till all before thy face appear,
And join in nobler worship there.

HYMN XXIII. *Offices of Christ.*

JOIN all the glorious ~~unities~~^{unities}
 Of wisdom, love, and pow'r,
 That mortals ever knew,
 That angels ever bore:

All are too mean
 To speak his worth,
 Too mean to set
 Our Saviour forth:

But, O, what gentle terms,
 What condescending ways
 Doth our Redeemer use,
 To teach his heav'nly grace!

My soul, with joy
 And wonder see
 What forms of love
 He bears for thee.

Great Prophet of our God,
 Our tongues would bless thy name;
 By thee the joyful news
 Of our salvation came;

The joyful news
 Of sins forgiv'n,
 Of hell subdued
 And peace with Heav'n.

Jesus, our great High-priest,
 Offer'd his blood and died;
 Thou guilty sinner, seek
 No sacrifice beside:

(18)

His pow'rful blood
Did once atone,
And now it pleads
Before the throne.

Thou dear Almighty Lord,
Our Conqueror, and our King;
Thy sceptre and thy sword,
Thy reigning grace we sing.
Thine is the pow'r;
O may we sit
In willing bonds,
Beneath thy feet.

HYMN XXIV. *The Same.*

A RRAY'D in mortal flesh,
Our lovely Jesus stands,
And holds the promises
And pardons in his hands:
Commission'd from his Father's throne,
To make his grace to mortals known.

Be thou our counsellor,
Our pattern and our guide,
And through this desert land,
Still keep us near thy side.

O let our feet ne'er run astray,
Nor rove, nor seek the crooked way.

We'd hear our Shepherd's voice,
Whose watchful eye doth keep
Poor wand'ring souls, among
The thousands of his sheep:

He feeds his flock, he calls their names,
His bosom bears the tender lambs.

To this dear Surety's hands,
My soul, commend thy cause ;
He answers and fulfils
His Father's broken laws :
Believing souls now free are set,
For Christ hath paid their dreadful debt.

Their Advocate appears
For their defence on high ;
The Father bows his ears,
And lays his thunder by :
Not all that hell or sin can say,
Shall turn his heart, his love away.

Then let our souls arise,
And tread the tempter down ;
Our Captain leads us forth
To conquest and a crown :
A feeble faint shall win the day,
Though death and hell obstruct the way.

HYMN XXV.

Christ our Wisdom, Righteousness, Sanctification, and Redemption.

BURIED in shadows of the night,
We lie, till Christ restore the light ;
Wisdom descends to heal the blind,
And chase the darkness of the mind.

Lost guilty souls are drown'd in tears,
 Till the atoning blood appears ;
 Then they awake from deep distress,
 And sing, " The Lord our Righteousness."

Jesus beholds where Satan reigns,
 Binding his slaves in heavy chains :
 He sets the pris'ners free, and breaks
 The iron bondage from our necks.

Poor helpless worms in thee posses
 Grace, wisdom, pow'r, and righteousness :
 Thou art our mighty All, may we
 Give our whole selves, O Lord, to thee !

HYMN XXVI. *The Same.*

HOW heavy is the night
 That hangs upon our eyes,
 Till Christ with his reviving light
 Over our souls arise !

Our guilty spirits dread
 To meet the wrath of Heav'n ;
 But, 'in his righteousness array'd,
 We see our sins forgiv'n.

Unholy and impure
 Are all our thoughts and ways ;
 His hands infected nature cure,
 With sanctifying grace.

The pow'rs of hell agree
 To hold our soul in vain ;
 He sets the sons of bondage free,
 And breaks the cursed chain.

Lord, we adore thy ways,
 That bring us near to God ;
 Thy sov'reign pow'r, thy healing grace,
 And thine atoning blood.

HYMN XXVII. *To the Holy Ghost.*

CREATOR, Spirit, by whose aid
 The world's foundations first were laid,
 Come visit ev'ry waiting mind,
 With pleasures lasting and refin'd ;
 Thy temple in our hearts uprear,
 And take thine endless dwelling there.

O Source of uncreated heat,
 The Father's promis'd Paraclete,
 Thrice holy Fount, immortal Fire,
 Our souls with heav'nly love inspire ;
 Come, and thy sacred unction bring
 To sanctify us while we sing.

Our raging passions now control,
 Expel the tyrant from each soul,
 Lead us to Jesus crucified,
 And be his merits all applied ;
 Our faith increase, our strength renew,
 And guide us all our journey through.

Then let our silent slumb'ring tongues
 Roll forth in sweet harmonious songs ;
 Then Saviour's grace shall be their theme,
 And the Saviour's balmy name :
 Then shall the sacred Spirit's praise
 Resound from the notes they raise.

HYMN XXVIII. *The Same.*

Holy Ghost, our hearts inspire,
 Let us thine influence prove ;
 Source of the old prophetic fire,
 Fountain of life and love.

Holy Ghost (for mov'd by thee
 The holy Prophets spoke) ;
 Unlock the truth, thyself the key,
 Unseal the sacred book.

Expand thy wings, prolific Dove,
 Breed o'er our nature's night ;
 On our disorder'd spirits move,
 And let there now be light.

God through himself we then shall know,
 If thou within us shine ;
 And found, with all thy saints below,
 The depths of love divine:

HYMN XXIX. *The Same.*

WHY should the children of a king
Go mourning all their days?
Great Comforter, descend, and bring
Some tokens of thy grace.

Dost thou not dwell in all thy saints,
And seal the heirs of heav'n?
When wilt thou banish our complaints,
And show our sins forgiv'n?

Affuse each conscience of its part
In the Redeemer's blood,
And bear thy witness in each heart,
That it is born of God.

Thou art the earnest of his love,
The pledge of joys to come:
May thy blest wings, celestial Dove,
Safely convey us home!

HYMN XXX. *Christ's Birth.*

THE King of Glory sends his Son
To make his entrance on this earth;
Behold the midnight, bright as noon,
And heav'ly hosts declare his birth.

About the young Redeemer's head
What wonders and what glories meet!
An unknown star arose, and led
The eastern Sages to his feet.

Now the wall is broken down,
 Now the Gospel is made known ;
 Now the door is open wide,
 Christ for Jew and Gentile died ;
 All who feel the weight of sin,
 All who languish to be clean,
 All who for redemption groan,
 May be sav'd by faith alone.

Jesus is the lovely name,
 This the angels do proclaim ;
 He shall all his people save,
 They in him remission have ;
 When they see themselves undone
 They take refuge in the Son ;
 They shall all be born again,
 And with him in glory reign.

Shout, ye nations of the earth,
 Sing the triumphs of his birth :
 All the world by him is blest ;
 Sound his praise from east to west.
 Jews and Gentiles jointly sing
 Christ our common Lord and King :
 Christ, our life, our hope, our joy,
 Shall our endless praise employ.

HYMN XXXIII. *The Same.*

FATHER, our hearts we lift
 Up to thy gracious throne,
 And bless thee for the precious gift
 Of thine incarnate Son ;

(25)

Mild he lays his glory by,
 Born, that men no more may die ;
 Born to raise the sons of earth,
 Born to give them second birth.

Come, Desire of Nations, come,
 Fix in us thy heav'nly home ;
 Rise, the woman's conquering seed,
 Bruise in us the Serpent's head.

Adam's likeness now efface,
 Stamp thine image in its place :
 Second Adam, from above,
 Reinstate us in thy love.

HYMN XXXII. *The Same.*

WHAT good news the angels bring,
 What glad tidings of our King !
 Christ the Lord is born to-day,
 Christ who takes our sins away ;
 He who rules in heav'n and earth,
 Hath in Bethlehem his birth ;
 Him shall all his people see,
 And rejoice eternally.

Lift your hearts and voices high,
 With Hosannahs fill the sky ;
 Glory be to God above !
 God, the infinite in love,
 Now reveals his glorious plan —
 Peace on earth, good will to man.
 Angels, join with us in praise,
 Join to sing redeeming grace.

HYMN XXXIV. *Circumcision of Christ.*

SEE, my soul, with wonder see,
 The incarnate Deity ;
 Human nature he assumes,
 He to ransom sinners comes ;
 He was not conceiv'd in sin,
 He was infinitely clean :
 Him no sinful spot disgris'd,
 Yet, lo ! he was circumcis'd.
 He fulfill'd all righteousness,
 Standing in our legal place ;
 From the cradle to the cross
 All he did he did for us :
 He did all our woes retrieve,
 He expir'd that we might live ;
 By his stripes our wounds are heal'd,
 By his blood our peace is seal'd.
 Jesu's pain procures our ease,
 Jesu's death is our release,
 Jesu's cross obtains our crown,
 Jesu's sepulchre our throne ;
 Lord, conform us to thy death,
 Bid our sins yield up their breath :
 By thy resurrection's pow'r
 Make our souls to glory soar.
 Circumcise our filthy hearts,
 Purify our inward parts ;
 Lord, destroy the carnal mind,
 That in thee we peace may find :

In thy righteousness array'd,
 Let us triumph and be glad ;
 Let us walk with thee in white,
 Till we see thy face in light.

HYMN XXXV.

Christ's Compassion for the Tempted.

WITH joy we meditate the grace
 Of our High-Priest above ;
 His heart is made of tenderness,
 His bowels melt with love.

Touch'd with a sympathy within,
 He knows our feeble frame ;
 He knows what sore temptations mean,
 For he hath felt the same.

He, in the days of feeble flesh,
 Pour'd out his cries and tears ;
 And in his measure feels afresh
 What ev'ry member bears.

He 'll never quench the smoking flax,
 But raise it to a flame ;
 The bruised reed he never breaks,
 Nor scorns the meanest name.

Then let our humble faith address
 His mercy and his pow'r ;
 We shall obtain delivering grace
 In the distressing hour.

HYMN XXXVI. *Christ's Passion.*

YE that pass by behold the Man,
The Man of Grief condemn'd for you ;
The Lamb of God for sinners slain,
Weeping to Calvary pursue.

His sacred limbs they stretch, they tear,
With nails they fasten to the wood
His sacred limbs expos'd and bare,
Or only cover'd with his blood.

See there, his temples crown'd with thorns,
His bleeding hands extended wide,
His streaming feet transfixt and torn,
The fountain gushing from his side.

Oh, thou dear suff'ring Son of God,
How doth thy heart to sinners move !
Help us to catch thy precious blood,
Help us to taste thy dying love.

The earth could to her centre quake,
Convuls'd while her Creator died :
O may our inmost nature shake,
And bow with Jesus crucified !

At the last gasp, the graves display'd
Their horrors to the upper skies :
Oh, that our souls might burst the shade,
And quicken'd by thy death arise !

The rocks could feel thy pow'rful death,
And tremble, and asunder part :
Oh, rend with thy expiring breath
The harder marble of our heart !

HYMN XXXVII.

Christ's Sufferings and Glory.

NOW for a tune of lofty praise,
To great Jehovah's only Son;
Awake, my voice, in heav'nly lays,
Tell the loud wonders he hath done.

Down to this base, this sinful earth,
Jesus the Saviour came to die;
He came t' atone Almighty wrath,
And bring the distant rebel nigh.

Deep in the shades of gloomy death,
The Almighty Captive pris'ner lay:
The Almighty Captive left the earth,
And rose to everlasting day.

Lift up your eyes, ye sons of light,
Up to his throne of shining grace:
See what immortal glories fit
Round the sweet beauties of his face.

Amongst a thousand harps and songs,
Jesus the God-exalted reigns:
O may his praise fill all our tongues,
And echo to the heav'nly plains!

HYMN XXXVIII. *The Same.*

WHAT equal honours shal! we bring
To thee, O Lord our God, the Lamb,
Since all the notes that angels sing
Are far inferior to thy name?

Worthy was he who once was slain,
 The Prince of Peace that groan'd and
 Worthy to rise, and live, and reign,
 At his Almighty Father's side.

Pow'r and dominion are his due,
 Who stood condemn'd at Pilate's bar ;
 Wisdom belongs to Jesus too,
 Though he was charg'd with madness !

Honour immortal must be paid,
 Instead of scandal and of scorn ;
 While glory shines around his head,
 And a bright crown without a thorn.

Blessings for ever on the Lamb,
 Who bore our sins, and curse, and pain,
 Let angels sound his sacred name,
 And every creature say, Amen.

HYMN XXXIX. *Christ's Resurrection*

JESUS, who died a world to save,
 Revives and rises from the grave,
 By his Almighty pow'r :
 From sin, and death, and hell set free,
 He captive leads captivity,
 And lives to die no more.

Children of God, look up and see
 Your Saviour cloth'd with majesty,
 Triumphant o'er the tomb :
 Restrain your griefs, dismiss your fears,
 In heav'n your mansion he prepares,
 And soon will take you home.

His church is still his joy and crown,
 He looks with love and pity down
 On her he did redeem ;
 He tastes her joys, he feels her woes,
 And prays that she may spoil her foes,
 And ever reign with him.

O may we all that pow'r partake,
 Which bids the dead in sin awake,
 And mounts the foul above !
 Then shall our active minds aspire,
 On wings of faith and strong desire,
 To bask in Jesu's love.

HYMN XL. *The Same.*

THE Sun of Righteousness appears,
 To set in blood no more ;
 Adore the scatt'rer of your fears,
 Your rising God adore.

The saints, when he resigns his breath,
 Unclose their sleeping eyes ;
 He breaks again the bands of death,
 Again the dead arise.

Alone the dreadful race he ran;

Alone the wine-press trod :

He dies and suffers as a man,

He rises as a God.

In vain the stone, the watch, the seal,

Forbid an early rise,

To him who breaks the gates of hell,

And opens paradise.

HYMN XLI. *Christ's Ascension.*

CLAP your hands, ye people all,

Praise the God on whom ye call ;

Lift your voice and shout his praise,

Triumph in his sovereign grace.

Jesus is gone up on high;

Takes his seat above the sky ;

Shout the angel-choirs aloud,

Echoing to the trump of God.

Sons of men, the triumph join,

Praise him with the hosts divine ;

Emulate the heav'nly pow'rs,

Their victorious Lord is ours.

Shout the God enthron'd above,

Loud proclaim his conqu'ring love ;

Praises to our Jesus sing,

Praises to our glorious King.

Pow'r is all to Jesus giv'n,

Pow'r o'er hell, and earth, and heav'n ;

Jesus, pow'r to us impart,

Then we'll praise with all our heart.

HYMN XLII. *The Same.*

HOSENNA to the Prince of Light,
That cloth'd himself in clay,
Enter'd the iron gates of death,
And tore the bars away.

Death is no more the king of dread,
Since our Immanuel rose ;
He took the tyrant's sting away,
And spoil'd our hellish foes.

See how the Conqu'ror mounts aloft,
And to his Father flies,
With scars of honour in his flesh,
And triumph in his eyes.

There our exalted Saviour reigns,
And scatters blessings down ;
Our Jesus fills the middle seat
Of the celestial throne.

Raise your devotion, mortal tongues,
To reach his bleis'd abode ;
Sweet be the accents of our songs
To our incarnate God.

Bright angels strike their loudest strings,
Let saints their voices raise ;
Let heav'n, and all created things,
Sound our Immanuel's praise.

HYMN XLIII. *The Same.*

HAIL the day that sees him rise,
Ravish'd from our wishful eyes ;
Christ, awhile to mortals giv'n,
Reascends his native heav'n :
There the pompous triumph waits,
" Lift your heads, eternal gates ;
" Wide unfold the radiant scene,
" Take the King of Glory in ! "

Circled round with angel pow'rs,
Their triumphant Lord and ours,
Conqu'ror o'er death, hell, and sin,
Take the King of Glory in.
Him though highest heav'n receives,
Still he loves the earth he leaves ;
Though returning to his throne,
Still he calls mankind his own.

See, he lifts his hands above ;
See, he shows the prints of love ;
Hark ! his gracious lips bestow
Blessings on his church below ;
Still for us he intercedes ;
Prevalent his death be pleads ;
Next himself prepares our place,
Harbinger of human race.

Master (may we ever say),
Taken from our head to-day,
See thy faithful servants, see,
Ever gazing up to thee :

Grant, though parted from our sight,
 High above yon azure height,
 Grant our hearts may thither rise,
 Seeking thee beyond the skies.

Ever upward may we move,
 Wafted on the wings of love ;
 Looking when our Lord shall come,
 Longing, gasping after home.
 There may we with thee remain,
 Partners of thine endless reign ;
 There thy face unclouded see,
 Find our heav'n of heav'ns in thee.

HYMN XLIV. *Christ's Intercession.*

WELL, the Redeemer's gone,
 T' appear before our God ;
To sprinkle o'er the flaming throne,
 With his atoning blood.

No fi'ry vengeance now,
 No burning wrath comes down ;
 If justice calls for sinners' blood,
 The Saviour shows his own.

Before his Father's eye
 Our humble suit he moves ;
 The Father lays his thunder by,
 And looks, and smites, and loves.

Now may our joyful tongues
 Our Maker's honours sing ;
 Jesu the Priest receives our songs,
 And bears them to the King.

HYMN XLV. *The Same.*

LIFT up your eyes to th' heav'nly seat,
Where your Redeemer stays :
Kind intercessor there he sits,
And loves, and pleads, and prays.
'Twas well, my soul, he died for thee,
And shed his vital blood ;
Appeas'd stern justice on the tree,
And then arose to God.
Petitions now, and praise may rise,
And saints their off'rings bring ;
The Priest, with his own sacrifice,
Presents them to the King.
Ten thousand praises to the King,
Hosanna in the highest ;
Then thousand thanks our spirits bring
To God, and to his Christ.

HYMN XLVI. *Praising Christ.*

AWAKE, and sing the song
Of Moses and the Lamb ;
Wake ev'ry heart, and every tongue,
To praise the Saviour's name.
Sing of his dying love,
Sing of his rising pow'r,
Sing how he intercedes above
For those whose sins he bore.

Sing till we feel our hearts
 Ascending with our tongues ;
 Sing till the love of sin departs,
 And grace inspires our songs.
 Sing till we hear Christ say,
 " Your sins are all forgiv'n ; "
 Sing on rejoicing ev'ry day,
 Till we all meet in heav'n.

HYMN XLVII. *The Same,*

COME, my brethren, Israel's race,
 And hear me bless my King ;
 Hear me my beloved praise,
 My Jesus do I sing ;
 Neither hear my song alone,
 But help, O help me to proclaim
 Jesus, our Creator's Son ;
 Jesus, that lovely name.
 Others sing their time away,
 Who Jesus never knew :
 Ought not we to pass our day
 In joy and singing too ?
 Others, have they cause to bless ?
 The children of the King have more ;
 They have Christ their righteousness,
 Their glory, peace, and power.
 Bow thy throne, thou Son of God,
 And with a living coal,
 From the altar stain'd with blood,
 Inspire each drowsy soul ;

Slaughter'd Lamb, who, who can show,
 Or who can fully sing thy praise?
 Lord, we fail in hymns below,
 O teach us heav'nly lays.

HYMN XLVIII.

Christ worshipped by all his Creatures.

COME, let us join our cheerful songs
 With angels round the throne :
 Ten thousand thousands are their tongues,
 But all their joys are one.

Worthy the Lamb that died, they cry,
 To be exalted thus ;
 Worthy the Lamb, our lips reply,
 For he was slain for us !

Jesus is worthy to receive
 Honour and pow'r divine ;
 And blessings, more than we can give,
 Be, Lord, for ever thine.

The whole creation join in one,
 To bless the sacred name
 Of him that sits upon the throne,
 And to adore the Lamb.

HYMN XLIX. *The Same.*

SURE thy name is wonderful,
 Counsellor, the mighty God.
 Whom the heav'nly hosts adore,
 Praise we through the earth abroad.

Thou the Godhead bearing down
 To the fight of mortal man,
 Flesh in form, and God in pow'r,
 Suited art to all thy plan.

Centred in thy lovely face,
 Judgment, mercy, both appear ;
 All the Father's honour meets,
 All his glory triumphs here.

Wonderfully form'd to raise
 Adam's fallen, helpless race ;
 Form'd to purchase and secure
 For thy people boundless grace.

Thou that Prophet art and King,
 Thou the Priest foretold to rise ;
 Thou the Sacrificer art,
 Thou too art the Sacrifice.

Lamb of God that once was slain,
 Bleeding on the painful tree,
 Risen and ascended high,
 We adore thy majesty.

Wonderful art thou in pow'r,
 Wonderful art thou in love ;
 Be thou all our theme below,
 Be thou all our heav'n above !
Hallelujah.

HYMN L. *The Same;*

YE servants of God,
 Your Master proclaim,
 And publish abroad
 His wonderful name ;
 The name all victorious
 Of Jesus extol ;
 His kingdom is glorious,
 And rules over all.

God ruleth on high,
 Almighty to save,
 And still he is nigh,
 His presence we have ;
 The great congregation
 His triumph shall sing,
 Ascribing salvation
 To Jesus our King.

Salvation to God,
 Who sits on the throne ;
 Let all cry aloud,
 And honour the Son :
 Our Jesus's praises
 The angels proclaim :
 Fall down on their faces,
 And worship the Lamb.

Then let us adore,
 And give him his right,
 All glory and power,
 And wisdom and might :

(43)

All honour and blessing,
With angels above ;
And thanks never ceasing,
And infinite love.

HYMN LI. *To Dennis.*

HOW can we adore,
Or worthily praise
Thy goodness and pow'r,
Thou God of all grace ?
With honour and blessing
Before thee we fall,
Most gladly confessing
Thee Father of all.

The heav'ns and earth,
And water, and air,
To thee owe their birth,
Subsist by thy care ;
While angels are singing
Thy praises above,
We mortals are bringing
Our tribute of love.

Thou, Saviour, art one
With God the supreme,
His eternal Son,
And equal with him :
Invested with glory
On high dost thou sit,
While angels adore thee,
And bow at thy feet.

How great was thy love !
 How wondrous thy grace !
 Thou cam'st from above
 To save a lost race ;
 And, man to deliver,
 Of Mary waft born,
 That ev'ry believer
 To God might return.
 How soon will thy seat
 Of judgment appear !
 Prepare us to meet,
 And welcome thee there ;
 Thy witnessing Spirit
 In us shed abroad,
 And bid us inherit
 The kingdom of God.
 The Father and Son
 And Spirit agree
 To constitute one
 Complete Deity :
 Sweet Jesus, thy merit
 Restores us to God,
 And by thy good Spirit
 Our souls are renew'd.

HYMN LII. *To the Trinity.*

BLEST be the Father, and his love,
 To whose celestial source we owe
 Rivers of endless joys above,
 And rills of comfort here below.

Glory to thee, great Son of God ;
 Forth from thy wounded body rolls
 A precious stream of vital blood,
 Pardon and life for dying souls.

We give the sacred Spirit praise,
 Who in our hearts of sin and woe
 Makes living streams of grace arise,
 And into boundless glory flow.

Thus God the Father, God the Son,
 And God the Spirit we adore ;
 That sea of life and love unknown,
 Without a bottom or a shore.

HYMN LIII. *The Same:*

HAIL, holy, holy, holy Lord,
 Be endless praise to thee ;
 Supreme, essential One, ador'd
 In co-eternal Three !
 In thron'd in everlasting state,
 Ere time its round began ;
 Who join'd in council to create
 The dignity of man.

All that the name of creature owns
 To thee in hymns aspire ;
 May we (as angels on their thrones)
 For ever join their choir !
 Hail, holy, holy, holy Lord,
 Be endless praise to thee :
 Supreme, essential One, ador'd
 In co-eternal Three !

HYMN LIV. *The Same.*

LET God the Father live
 For ever on our tongues ;
 Sinners from his free love derive
 The ground of all their songs.
Ye saints employ your breath
 In honour to the Son,
 Who bought your souls from hell and death,
 By off'ring up his own.
 Give to the Spirit praise
 Of an immortal strain,
 Whose light, and pow'r, and grace, convey
 Salvation down to men.
While God the Comforter
 Reveals our pardon'd sin,
O may the blood and water bear
 The same record within !
 To the great One and Three,
 That seal the grace in heav'n,
 The Father, Son, and Spirit, be
 Eternal glory giv'n.

HYMN LV. *The Same.*

WE give immortal praise
 To God the Father's love,
 For all our comforts here,
 And better hopes above ;
 He sent his own eternal Son
 To die for sins that man had done.

To God the Son belongs
 Immortal glory too,
 Who bought us with his blood,
 From everlasting woe;
 And now he lives, and now he reigns,
 And sees the fruit of all his pains.

To God the Spirit's name
 Immortal worship give;
 Whose new-creating pow'r
 Makes the dead sinner live:
 His work completes the great design,
 And fills the soul with joy divine.

Almighty God, to thee
 Be endless honours done;
 The undivided Three,
 And the mysterious One!
 Where reason fails, with all her pow'rs,
 There faith prevails, and love adores.

HYMN LVI. *The Same.*

To him that chose us first
 Before the world began,
 To him that bore the curse,
 To save rebellious man;
 To him that form'd our hearts anew,
 Are endless praise and glory due.

The Father's love shall run
 Through our immortal songs ;
 We bring to God the Son
 Hosannas on our tongues :
 Our lips address the Spirit's name,
 With equal praise and zeal the same.

Let ev'ry saint above,
 And angel round the throne,
 For ever blest and love
 The sacred Three in One ;
 Thus heav'n shall raise his honours high
 When earth and time grow old and die.

HYMN LVII. *Angels praise the Lord.*

THE Lord, the sovereign King,
 Hath fixt his throne on high ;
 O'er all the heav'nly world he rules
 And all beneath the sky.

Ye angels, great in might
 And swift to do his will,
 Bless ye the Lord, whose voice ye hear,
 Whose pleasure ye fulfil.

Let the bright hosts, who wait
 The orders of their King,
 And guard his churches when they pray,
 Join in the praise they sing.

While all his wondrous works
 Through this vast kingdom show
 Their Maker's glory, thou, my soul,
 Shalt sing his glory too.

HYMN LVIII. *The Brazen Serpent.*

WITH fiery serpents greatly pain'd,
 When Israel's mourning tribes com-
 And figh'd to be reliev'd ; [plain'd,
 A serpent straight the Prophet made
 Of molten bra's, to view display'd ;
 The patients look'd and liv'd.
 But, oh, what healing to the heart
 Does Jesu's greater cross impart,
 To those who seek a cure !
 Israel of old, and we no less
 The same indulgent grace posses,
 While life and breath endure.
 To reason's view, so strange effect,
 Self-righteous souls will still reject,
 And perish in their pride ;
 Not so the stung with sin and law,
 These all their rich salvation draw
 From Jesu's bleeding side.
 May we then view the matchless cross,
 And other objects count but loss,
 No other gain explore :
 Here still be fix'd our stedfast eyes,
 Teeming with tears of glad surprise,
 And thankfully adore !
 Hail, great Immanuel, balmy name !
 Thy praise the ransom'd will proclaim,
 Thee we physician call ;
 We own no other cure but thine,
 Thou the Deliverer divine,
 Our health, our life, our all.

HYMN LIX. *God made Man.*

O LORD our God, how wondrous great
 Is thine exalted name !
The glories of thy heav'ly state
 Let men and babes proclaim.
When we behold thy works on high,
 The moon that rules the night,
 And stars that well adorn the sky,
 Those moving worlds of light ;
Lord, what is man, or all his race,
 Who dwells so far below,
 That thou should'st visit him with grace,
 And love his nature so !
That thine eternal Son should bear
 To take a mortal form ;
 Made lower than his angels are,
 To save a dying worm !
Jesus, our Lord, how wondrous great
 Is thine exalted name !
The glories of thy heav'ly state
 Let the whole earth proclaim.

HYMN LX. *Faith in Christ.*

HOW sad our state by nature is,
 Our sin how deep it stains !
And Satan binds our captive souls
 Fast in his slavish chains.

(51.)

But there's a voice of sovereign grace
Sounds from God's sacred word;
Ho, ye despairing sinners, come,
And trust upon the Lord!

O may we hear th' Almighty call,
And run to this relief!
We would believe thy promise, Lord;
O help our unbelief!

To the blest fountain of thy blood,
Teach us, O Lord, to fly;
There may we wash our spotted souls
From crimes of deepest dye.

Stretch out thine arm, victorious King,
Our reigning sins subdue;
Drive the old dragon from his seat,
With his infernal crew.

Poor, guilty, weak, and helpless worms,
Into thy hands we fall;
Be thou our strength and righteousness,
Our Jesus, and our all.

HYMN LXI. *Thanksgiving.*

M EET and right it is to sing
Glory to our God and King;
Meet, in ev'ry time and place,
To rehearse his solemn praise.

Join, ye saints, the song around,
 Angels, help the cheerful sound ;
 Publish through the world abroad
 Glory to th' eternal God.

Praises here to thee we give,
 Gracious thou our thanks receive ;
 Holy Father, Sov'reign Lord,
 Ev'ry where be thou ador'd.

Though th' injurious world exclaim,
 Sing we still in Jesu's name ;
 Saviour, thee we ever bless,
 Thee our Lord and God confess.

HYMN LXII. *Therefore with Angels, &c.*

LORD and God of heav'nly pow'rs;
 Theirs—and oh benignly ours !
 Glorious King, let earth proclaim,
 Worms attempt to chant thy name.

Thee to laud in songs divine,
 Angels and archangels join ;
 We with them our voices raise,
 Echoing eternal praise.

Holy, holy, holy Lord,
 Live by heav'n and earth ador'd ;
 Full of thee they ever cry,
 Glory be to God most high !

HYMN LXIII.

Glory be to God on high.

GLORY be to God on high,
God whose glory fills the sky ;
Peace on earth to man forgiv'n,
Man the well-belov'd of heav'n.

Sov'reign Father, heav'nly King,
Thee we now presume to sing ;
Glad thine attributes confess,
Glorious all and numberless.

Hail, by all thy works ador'd,
Hail, the everlasting Lord.
Thee with thankful hearts we prove,
Lord of pow'r, and God of love.

Christ our Lord and God we own,
Christ the Father's only Son ;
Lamb of God, for sinners slain,
Saviour of offending man.

Pow'rful advocate with God,
Justify us with thy blood ;
Bow thine ear, in mercy bow,
Hear thy Saints' atonement thou.

Hear, for thou, O Christ alone,
With thy gracious Sire art one ;
One the Holy Ghost with thee,
One supreme eternal Three.

HYMN LXIV. *It is finished.*

'T IS finish'd, the Redeemer said,
 And meekly bow'd his dying head,
 Whilst we this sentence scan :
 Come, sinners, and observe the word,
 Behold the conquests of our Lord,
 Complete for helpless man.
 Finish'd the righteousness of grace ;
 Finish'd for sinners pard'ning peace ;
 Their mighty debt is paid :
 Accusing law, cancell'd by blood,
 And wrath of an offended God
 In sweet oblivion laid.
 Who now shall urge a second claim,
 The law no longer can condemn,
 Faith a release can show ;
 Justice itself a friend appears,
 The prison-house a whisper hears,
 Loose him, and let him go,
 O unbelief, injurious bar,
 Source of tormenting fruitless fear,
 Why dost thou yet reply ?
 Where'er thy loud objections fall,
 " 'T is finish'd" still may answer all,
 And silence ev'ry cry.
 His toil divinely finish'd stands,
 But lo, the praise his word demands
 Careful may we attend !
 Conclusion to our souls be this,
 Because salvation finish'd is,
 Our thanks shall never end.

(55)

HYMN LXV. *Adoption.*

BEHOLD what wondrous grace
The Father hath bestow'd
On sinners of a mortal race,
To call them sons of God.

Nor doth it yet appear
How great they will be made:
But when they see their Saviour near,
They shall be like their head.

A hope so much divine
May trials well endure;
May purge our souls from sense and sin,
As Christ the Lord is pure.

O Lord, if in thy love
We share a filial part,
Send down thy Spirit, like a dove,
To rest upon each heart.

Suffer us not to lie
Like slaves before thy throne;
Let each now Abba Father cry,
And thou the kindred own.

HYMN LXVI. *Enjoyment of Christ.*

LORD, what a heav'n of saving grace
Shines through the beauties of thy face!
O light our passions to a flame,
Then shall we love thy charming name.

(56)

Then shall a scene of sacred joy
 Our raptur'd eyes and souls employ ;
 Then shall we long to gaze away
 A blest and everlasting day.
 Send comforts, Lord, from thy right hand,
 While we pass through this barren land ;
 And in thy temple let us see
 A glimpse of love, a glimpse of thee.

HYMN LXVII.

Glory and Grace in the Person of Christ.

NOW to the Lord a noble song,
 Awake my soul, awake my tongue :
 Hosanna to th' eternal Name,
 And all his boundless love proclaim !
 See where it shines in Jesu's face,
 The brightest image of his grace :
 God, in the person of his Son,
 Hath all his mightiest works outdone.
 Grace, 't is a sweet, a charming theme !
 Exult, my soul, at Jesu's name ;
 Ye angels, dwell upon the sound ;
 Ye heav'ns, reflect it to the ground.
 Oh that we all may reach the place
 Where he unveils his lovely face ;
 Where all his beauties you behold,
 And sing his name to harps of gold !

HYMN LXVIII. *Looking to Jesus.*

HOW glorious the Lamb
 Is seen on his throne !
 His labours are o'er,
 His conquests put on ;

A kingdom is giv'n
 Into our Lamb's hand ;
 In earth and in heav'n
 For ever to stand.

Ye sinners below
 Then trust in the Lord,
 Look up to his arm,
 His honour, his word ;
 Athirst for his favour,
 His Godhead adore ;
 Look up to your Saviour,
 And joy evermore.

HYMN LXIX. First and second Adam.

DEEP in the dust, before thy throne,
 Our guilt and our disgrace we own :
 Great God, we own th' unhappy name,
 Whence sprung our nature and our shame.
 But whilst our spirits, fill'd with awe,
 Behold the terrors of thy law,
 We sing the honours of thy grace,
 That sent to save our ruin'd race ;
 We sing thine everlasting Son,
 Who join'd our nature to his own :
 Adam the second from the dust
 Raises the ruins of the first.
 Where sin did reign, and death abound,
 There have the sons of Adam found
 Abounding life ; there glorious grace
 Reigns through the Lord our righteousness.

HYMN LXX. *Salvation.*

SALVATION, O the joyful sound!
What pleasure to our ears!
A sov'reign balm for ev'ry wound,
A cordial for our fears!

Buried in sorrow and in sin
At hell's dark door we lay;
But we arise by grace divine,
To see a heav'nly day.

Salvation! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around;
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.

HYMN LXXI. *Christ's Victory over Satan.*

HOSANNA to our conqu'ring King!
The Prince of Darkness flies;
His troops rush headlong down to hell,
Like lightning from the skies.

There bound in chains the lions roar,
And fright the rescu'd sheep;
But heavy bars confine their pow'r
And malice to the deep.

Hosanna to our conqu'ring King!
All hail, incarnate love!
Ten thousand songs and glories wait
To crown thy head above!

(59 .)

Thy vict'ries, and thy deathless fame,
Through the wide world shall run ;
And everlasting ages sing
The triumphs thou hast won !

HYMN LXXII. *A blessed Gospel.*

BLEST are the souls that hear and know
The Gospel's joyful sound ;
Peace shall attend the path they go,
And light their steps surround.

Their joy shall bear their spirits up,
Through their Redeemer's name ;
His righteousness exalts their hope,
Nor Satan dares condemn.

The Lord, our glory and defence,
Strength and salvation gives ;
Israel, tiny King for ever reigns,
Thy God for ever lives.

HYMN LXXIII. *Before Prayer.*

SING to the Lord Jehovah's name,
And in his strength rejoice ;
When his salvation is our theme,
Exalted be our voice.

With thanks approach his awful might,
And psalms of honour sing ;
The Lord's a God of boundless might,
The whole creation's king.

(60)

Earth, with its caverns dark and deep,
Lies in his spacious hand ;
He fixt the seas what bounds to keep,
And where the hills must stand.
Come, and with humble souls adore,
Come kneel before his face ;
May we, the creatures of his pow'r,
Be children of his grace !

HYMN LXXIV.

The Church is God's House and Care.

PRAISE ye the Lord, exalt his name,
While in his holy courts ye wait ;
Ye saints that to his house belong,
Or stand attending at his gate.
Praise ye the Lord, the Lord is good :
To praise his name is sweet employ :
Israel he chose of old, and still
His Church is his peculiar joy.
Bless ye the Lord, who taste his love ;
People and priests, exalt his name :
Amongst his saints he ever dwells,
His Church is his Jerusalem.

HYMN LXXV. *Praising God.*

GIVE thanks to God most high,
The universal Lord,
The sov'reign King of Kings,
And be his grace ador'd :
His pow'r and grace are still the same,
And let his name have endless praise.

(61)

How mighty is his hand,
 What wonders hath he done !
 He form'd the earth and seas,
 And spread the heav'ns alone,
 Thy mercy, Lord, shall still endure ;
 And ever sure abides thy word.

He saw the nations lie
 All perishing in sin ;
 And pitied the sad state
 The ruin'd world was in.
 Thy mercy, Lord, shall still endure ;
 And ever sure abides thy word.

He sent his only Son
 To save us from our woe,
 From Satan, sin, and death,
 And ev'ry hurtful foe.
 His pow'r and grace are still the same,
 And let his name have endless praise.

HYMN LXXVI. *The Same.*

FROM all that dwell below the skies
 Let the Creator's praise arise ;
 Let the Redeemer's name be sung
 Through ev'ry land, by ev'ry tongue.

Eternal are thy mercies, Lord ;
 Eternal truth attends thy word :
 Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
 Till suns shall rise and set no more.

HYMN LXXVII.

*Desiring Christ's Love to be shed abroad
in the Heart.*

COME, dearest Lord, descend, and dwell
By faith and love in ev'ry breast :
Then shall we know, and taste, and feel,
The joys that cannot be exprest.
Come fill our hearts with inward strength,
Make our enlarged souls possess,
And learn the height, and breadth, and length,
Of thine unmeasurable grace.
Now to the God, whose pow'r can do
More than our thoughts or wishes know,
Be everlasting honours done,
By all the church, through Christ his Son.

HYMN LXXVIII.

Salvation by Grace in Christ.

NOW to the pow'r of God supreme
Be everlasting honours giv'n ;
He saves from hell (we bless his name),
He calls lost wand'ring souls to heav'n.
Not for our duties or deserts,
But of his own abounding grace,
He works salvation in our hearts,
And forms a people for his praise.
'T was his own purpose that begun
To rescue rebels doom'd to die ;
He gave us grace in Christ his Son,
Before he spread the starry sky.

Jesu, the Lord, appears at last,
 And makes his Father's counsels known ;
 Declares the great transactions past,
 And brings immortal blessings down.

HYMN LXXXI.

Sight of God and Christ in Heaven.

DESCEND from heav'n, immortal Dove,
 Stoop down and take us on thy wings ;
 And mount, and bear us far above
 The reach of these inferior things.

Oh for a sight, a pleasing sight,
 Of our Almighty Father's throne !
 There sits our Saviour, crown'd with light,
 Cloth'd in a body like our own.

Adoring saints around him stand,
 And thrones and pow'rs before him fall ;
 The God shines gracious through the man,
 And sheds sweet glories on them all.

When shall the day, dear Lord, appear,
 That we shall mount to dwell above ;
 And stand and bow among them there,
 And view thy face, and sing thy love ?

HYMN LXXX. *Inviting to Praise,*

COME, guilty souls, and flee away,
 Like doves, to Jesu's wounds ;
 This is the welcome Gospel-Day,
 Wherin free grace abounds.

God lov'd the world, and gave his Son
 To drink the cup of wrath ;
 And Jesus says he 'll cast out none
 That come to him by faith.

HYMN LXXXI. *The Same.*

PRAISE ye the Lord, 't is good to raise
 Our hearts and voices in his praise :
 His nature and his works invite,
 To make this duty our delight.

Sing to the Lord, exalt him high,
 Who spreads his clouds around the sky ;
 There he prepares his fruitful rain,
 Nor lets the drops descend in vain.

He form'd the stars, those heav'nly flames,
 He counts their numbers, calls their names ;
 His wisdom 's vast, and knows no bound,
 A deep where all our thoughts are drown'd.

He makes the grass the hills adorn,
 And clothes the smiling fields with corn ;
 The beasts with food his hands supply,
 And the young ravens when they cry.

But saints are lovely in his sight ;
 He views his children with delight ;
 He sees their hope, he knows their fear,
 And looks and loves his image there.

HYMN LXXXII. *The Same.*

YE seekers of God,
 Whose diligent care
 Is ever employ'd
 In Christ's blood to share,
 With praises unceasing
 Your Jesu proclaim;
 Rejoicing, and blessing
 His excellent name.

'T is Jesus commands,
 Come all to his house,
 And lift up your hands,
 And pay him your vows:
 And whilst ye are giving
 Your Jesus his due,
 The Lord out of heaven
 Shall sanctify you.

HYMN LXXXIII. *Universal Praise.*

HARK! dull soul, how ev'ry thing
 Strives t' adore our bounteous King;
 Each a double tribute pays,
 Sings its part, and then obeys.

Wake, for shame, my sluggish heart,
 Wake, and gladly sing thy part;
 Learn of birds, and springs, and flow'rs,
 How t' employ thy nobler pow'rs.

(66)

Call whole nature to thy aid,
Since 't was he whole nature made ;
Join we in one endless song,
Who to one God all belong.

Live for ever, glorious Lord,
Live by all thy works ador'd :
One in Three, and Three in One,
All things bow to thee alone.

HYMN LXXXIV. *The new Creation.*

ATTEND, while God's eternal Son
Doth his own glories shew ;
“ Behold, I sit upon my throne,
“ Creating all things new :
“ Nature and sin are past away,
“ And the old Adam dies ;
“ My hands a new foundation lay,
“ See a new world arise ! ”
Mighty Redeemer, set us free
From our old state of sin ;
O make our souls alive to thee,
Create new pow'rs within.
Renew our eyes, and form our ears,
And mould our hearts afresh ;
Give us new passions, joys, and fears,
And turn the stone to flesh.
Far from the regions of the dead,
From sin, and earth, and hell,
In the new world thy grace hath made,
May we for ever dwell !

HYMN LXXXV.

Longing for Christ.

O COME, thou wounded Lamb of God,
 Come, wash us in thy cleansing blood ;
 Hide us within thy wounds ; then pain
 Is sweet, and life or death is gain.

Take our poor hearts, and let them be
 For ever clos'd to all but thee ;
 Seal thou our breasts, and let us wear
 That pledge of love for ever there.

How blest are those who still abide
 Close shelter'd in thy bleeding side ;
 Who life and strength from thence derive,
 And by thee move, and in thee live.

How can it be, thou heav'nly King,
 That thou shouldest men to glory bring ?
 Make slaves the partners of thy throne,
 Deck'd with a never-fading crown !

Ah, Lord, enlarge our scanty thought,
 To know the wonders thou hast wrought ;
 Unloose our stamm'ring tongues to tell
 Thy love immense, unsearchable !

First-born of many brethren thou,
 To thee both earth and heav'n must bow ;
 Help us to thee our all to give,
 Thine may we die, thine may we live !

HYMN LXXXVI. *The Same.*

O LOVE divine, how sweet thou art,
 When shall I find my longing heart
 All taken up by thee ?

O make me pant and thirst to prove
 The greatness of redeeming love,
 The love of Christ to me.

God only knows the love of God ;

O that it now were shied abroad
 In each poor stony heart !

For love I 'd sigh, for love I 'd pine ;

This only portion, Lord, be mine,
 Be mine this better part !

O that we could for ever sit,
 With Mary, at the Master's feet !

Be this our happy choice ;

Our only care, delight, and bliss,
 Our joy, our heav'n on earth be this,
 To hear the Bridegroom's voice !

Thy only love may we require,
 Nothing on earth beneath desire,
 Nothing in heav'n above ;

Let earth and all its trifles go,
 Give us, O Lord, thy love to know,
 Give us thy precious love.

HYMN LXXXVII.

Commit thy Way unto the Lord, &c.

COME, my soul, before the Lamb,
 Fall and do him rev'rence ;

Bless him for his blood and name,
Sing his great deliv'rance.

Why should sorrow bow thee down,
Trials or temptation?

Is not Christ upon the throne,
Still thy strong salvation?

Cast thy burdens on the Lord,
Leave them with thy Saviour;

He (whose hands for thee were bor'd)
Can and will deliver.

Turn thee to thy rest, my soul,
Turn thee and discover

How he yet is merciful,
Turn thee to thy lover.

Blush that thou hast him forgot,
Who can happy make thee:

Gaze upon him who thee bought,
Till to him be take thee.

Leave thine earthly cares behind;
Mind alone thy Saviour;

Count thou all beside but wind,
Trample on it ever.

HYMN LXXXVIII. *The Christian Race.*

A WAKE, our souls, away our fears,
Let ev'ry trembling thought be gone,
Awake and run the heav'nly race,
And put a cheerful courage on.

True, 't is a strait and thorny road,
And mortal spirits tire and faint ;
But they forget the mighty God,
Who feeds the strength of ev'ry saint.

O mighty God, thy matchless pow'r
Is ever new and ever young ;
And firm endures, while endless years
Their everlasting circles run.

From thee, the overflowing spring,
Believers drink a fresh supply ;
While such as trust their native strength
Shall melt away, and droop, and die.

Swift as an eagle cuts the air,
Oh, may we mount to thine abode ;
On wings of love to Jesus fly,
Nor tire amidst the heav'nly road !

HYMN LXXXIX.

We love him because he first loved us.

O f him who did salvation bring,
Lord, may we ever think and sing :
Arise, ye guilty, he'll forgive ;
Arise, ye needy, he'll relieve.

Eternal Lord, almighty King,
All heav'n doth with thy triumphs ring :
Thou conquer'st all beneath above ;
Devils with force, and men with love !

To cleanse our sins Christ shed his blood,
 He died to bring us near to God :
 Let all the world fall down, and know
 That none but God such love could show.

HYMN XC. *Preserving Grace.*

TO God the only wise,
 Our Saviour and our King,
 Let all the saints below the skies
 Their humble praises bring.

Tis his almighty love,
 His counsel and his care,
 Preserve us safe from sin and death,
 And ev'ry hurtful snare.

He will present his saints,
 Unblemish'd and complete,
 Before the glory of his face,
 With joys divinely great.

Then all the chosen seed
 Shall meet around the throne,
 Shall bless the conduct of his grace,
 And make his wonders known.

To our Redeemer God
 Wisdom and pow'r belongs ;
 Immortal crowns of majesty,
 And everlasting songs.

HYMN XCI. *To Jesus Christ.*

O THOU in whom the Gentiles' trust,
 Thou only holy, only just,
 Oh tune our souls to praise thy name ;
 Jesus, unchangeable, the same !

If angels, whilst to thee they sing,
 Wrap up their faces in their wing,
 How shall we, sinful dust, draw nigh
 The great, the awful Deity ?

Glory to thee, auspicious Lamb,
 Thou holy Lord, thou great I AM !
 With all our pow'r thy grace we bless,
 Our joy, our peace, our righteousness.

Live, ever glorious Jesus, live,
 Worthy all blessings to receive !
 Worthy on high enthron'd to sit,
 With ev'ry power beneath thy feet !

HYMN XCII. *Unfruitfulness.*

L ONG have we sat beneath the sound
 Of thy salvation, Lord ;
 But still how weak our faith is found,
 And knowledge of thy word !

Oft we frequent thy holy place,
 Yet hear almost in vain :
 How small a portion of thy grace,
 Do our falie hearts retain !

Our gracious Saviour and our God,
 How little art thou known,
 By all the judgments of thy rod,
 And blessings of thy throne !

How cold and feeble is our love,
 How negligent our fear ;
 How low our hope of joys above,
 How few affections there !

Great God, thy sovereign aid impart,
 To give thy word success ;
 Write thy salvation on each heart,
 And make us learn thy grace.

Show our forgetful feet the way
 That leads to joys on high,
 Where knowledge grows without decay,
 And love shall never die.

HYMN XCIII. *The Church a Garden.*

ZION's a garden wall'd around,
 Chosen and made peculiar ground ;
 A little spot, enclos'd by grace,
 Out of the world's wide wilderness.

Like spicy trees believers stand,
 Planted by an almighty hand :
 And all the springs in Zion flow,
 To make the rich plantation grow.

Awake, O heav'nly wind, and come,
 Blow on this garden of perfume ;
 Spirit divine, descend, and breathe
 A gracious gale on plants beneath.

Make thou our spices flow abroad,
A grateful incense to our God ;
Let faith, and love, and joy appear,
And ev'ry grace be active here.

HYMN XCIV. *Redemption found.*

HOLY Lamb, who thee receive,
Who in thee begin to live,
Day and night they cry to thee,
As thou art, so let us be.

 Fix, O fix each wav'ring mind,
To thy cross our spirits bind ;
Earthly passions far remove,
Swallow up our souls in love :

 Dust and ashes though we be,
Full of guilt and misery ;
Thine we are, thou Son of God,
Take the purchase of thy blood.

 Boundless wisdom, power divine,
Love unspeakable are thine ;
Praise to all by thee be giv'n,
Sons of earth, and hosts of heav'n.

HYMN XCV.

Complaining of spiritual Sloth.

OUR drowsy pow'rs, why sleep ye so ?
Awake, each sluggish soul !
Nothing has half our work to do,
Yet nothing 's half so dull.

The little ants for one poor grain

Labour, and tug, and strive ;

Yet we, who have a heav'n t' obtain,

How negligent we live !

We, for whom God the Son came down,

And labour'd for our good,

How careless to secure that crown

He purchas'd with his blood !

Lord, shall we lie so sluggish still,

And never act our parts ?

Come, holy Dove, from th' heav'nly hill,

And sit, and warm your hearts.

Then shall our active spirits move,

Upward our souls shall rise ;

With hands of faith and wings of love,

We'll fly and take the prize.

HYMN XCVI.

Christ's Righteousness imputed to Believers.

HAPPY he whoe'er believes

The embassy of peace ;

Who at Jesu's hand receives

The gift of righteousness :

God is his salvation's God ;

The Lord is his almighty shield :

He with grace shall be endow'd,

And then with glory fill'd.

Our sorrows and our tears we pour
 Into the bosom of our God ;
 He hears us in the mournful hour,
 And soon removes our heavy load.

Oh, could our thankful hearts devise
 A tribute equal to thy grace !
 To the third heav'n our songs should rise,
 And teach the golden harps thy praise.

HYMN XCIX.

Fervency of Devotion desired.

COME, Holy Spirit, heav'nly Dove,
 With all thy quick'ning pow'rs,
 Kindle a flame of sacred love
 In these cold hearts of ours.

Look how we grovel here below,
 Fond of these earthly toys ;
 Our souls how heavily they go
 To reach eternal joys !

In vain we tune our formal songs,
 In vain we strive to rise ;
 Hosannas languish on our tongues,
 And our devotion dies.

Dear Lord, and shall we ever live
 At this poor dying rate ?
 Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
 And thine to us so great ?

Come, Holy Spirit, heav'nly Dove,
 With all thy quick'ning pow'rs ;
 Come shed abroad a Saviour's love,
 And that shall kindle ours.

HYMN C. *The Same.*

TO praise redeeming love,
 Dear Christians, lend a voice ;
 Come, thou diviner Dove,
 And help us to rejoice :
 Our hearts too low,
 Lord, thou canst raise ;
 Blest Spirit, blow,
 And we shall praise.

Here, Lord, may we admire
 The riches of thy grace !
 Till thou shalt call us higher,
 There to behold thy face.

Oh height of grace !
 Oh depth of love !
 Lord, fit us for
 Our place above.

Who can thy love express ?
 Thy mercy ne'er decays :
 What can our souls do less,
 Than love thee all our days ?
 Bless God, each soul,
 Ev'n unto death ;
 And write a song
 For ev'ry breath.

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HYMN CI.

Praise to God for Creation and Redemption:

LET them neglect thy glory, Lord,
Who never knew thy grace!
But our loud songs shall still record
The wonders of thy praise.

We raise our shouts, O God, to thee,
And send them to thy throne;
All glory to th' united Three,
The undivided One!

'T was he, and we'll adore his name;
That form'd us by his word;
'T is he restores our ruin'd frame—
Salvation to the Lord!

Hosanna! let the earth and skies
Repeat the joyful sound:
Rocks, hills; and vales, reflect the voice,
In one eternal round.

HYMN CII.

The Faithfulness of God in the Promises.

BEGIN, my tongue, some heav'nly theme,
And speak some boundless thing;
The mighty works, or mightier name
Of our eternal King.

Tell of his wondrous faithfulness,
And found his pow'r abroad;
Sing the sweet promise of his grace,
And the performing God.

Proclaim salvation from the Lord,
 For wretched dying men;
 His hand hath writ the sacred word,
 With an immortal pen.

Engrav'd, as in eternal brass,
 The mighty promise shines:
 Nor can the pow'rs of darkness raze
 Those everlasting lines.

O might I hear thy heav'nly tongue
 But whisper, Thou art mine!
 Those gentle words should raise my song
 To notes almost divine.

How would my leaping heart rejoice,
 And think my heav'n secure!
 I'd trust the all-creating voice,
 And faith desires no more.

HYMN CIII.

Resurrection of Christ.

BEST morning! whose young dawning
 Behold our rising God; [rays
 That saw him triumph o'er the dust,
 And leave his last abode!

In the cold prison of a tomb
 The dear Redeemer lay,
 Till the revolving skies had brought
 The third, th' appointed day.

Hell and the grave unite their force
 To hold our God in vain ;
 The sleeping Conqueror arose,
 And burst their feeble chain.
 To thy great name, almighty Lord,
 These sacred hours we pay ;
 And loud hosannas shall proclaim
 The triumphs of the day.
 Salvation and immortal praise
 To our victorious King ;
 Let heav'n and earth, and rocks and seas,
 With loud hosannas ring.

HYMN CIV. *Praise to the Redeemer.*

PLUNG'D in a gulf of dark despair,
 We wretched sinners lay,
 Without one cheerful beam of hope,
 Or spark of glimm'ring day.
 With pitying eyes the Prince of Grace
 Beheld our helpless grief :
 He saw, and, O amazing love !
 He ran to our relief.
 Down from the shining seats above,
 With joyful haste he fled ;
 Enter'd the grave in mortal flesh,
 And dwelt among the dead.
 Oh, for this love let rocks and hills
 Their lasting silence break !
 And all harmonious human tongues
 The Saviour's praises speak.

Angels, assist our mighty joys,
 Strike all your harps of gold ;
 But when you raise your highest notes,
 His lays can ne'er be told.

HYMN CV.

Paffion and Exaltation of Christ,

COME, all harmonious tongues,
 Your noblest music bring ;
 'T is Christ the everlasting God,
 And Christ the man we sing.

Tell how he took our flesh,
 To take away our guilt ;
 Sing the dear drops of sacred blood,
 That hellish monsters spilt.

Down to the shades of death
 He bow'd his awful head :
 Yet he arose to live and reign,
 When death itself is dead.

No more the bloody spear,
 The cross and nails no more ;
 For hell itself shakes at his name,
 And all the heav'ns adore.

There the Redeemer sits,
 High on his Father's throne ;
 The Father lays his vengeance by,
 And smiles upon his Son.

HYMN CVI.

The Glory of Christ in Heaven.

OH the delights, the heav'nly joys,
The glories of the place,
Where Jesus sheds the brightest beams
Of his o'erflowing grace !

Sweet majesty and awful love
Sit smiling on his brow ;
And all the glorious ranks above
At humble distance bow.

His head, the dear majestic head,
That cruel thorns did wound,
See what immortal glories shine,
And circle it around !

This is the Man, th' exalted Man,
Whom we, unseen, adore ;
But when our eyes behold his face,
Our hearts shall love him more.

Lord, set our spirits all on fire
To see thy blest abode ;
And tune our tongues to sing the praise
Of our incarnate God !

HYMN CVII.

Look on him whom they have pierced, & mourn.

I NFINITE grief, amazing woe !
Behold our bleeding Lord !
Hell and the Jews conspir'd his death,
And us'd the Roman sword.

Oh the sharp pangs of smarting pain
 Our dear Redeemer bore !
 When knotty whips and ragged thorns
 His sacred body tore !
 But knotty whips and ragged thorns
 In vain do we accuse ;
 In vain we blame the Roman bands,
 And the more spiteful Jews.
 'T were you, our sins, our cruel sins,
 His chief tormentors were ;
 Each of our crimes became a nail,
 And unbelief the spear.
 'T were you that pull'd the vengeance down
 Upon his guiltless head ;
 Break, break, our hearts; oh burst, these eyes ;
 And let our sorrows bleed !
 Strike, mighty grace, each flinty soul,
 Till melting waters flow ;
 And deep repentance drown our eyes
 In undisembled woe.

HYMN CVIII. *The Same.*

A LAS ! and did our Saviour bleed ?
 And did our Sov'reign die ?
 Would he devote that sacred head
 For such a worm as I ?
 Was it for crimes that I had done
 He groan'd upon the tree ?
 Amazing pity ! grace unknown !
 And love beyond degree !

Well might the sun in darkness hide,
 And shut his glories in,
 When God, the mighty Maker, died
 For man the creature's sin.

Thus might I hide my blushing face,-
 While his dear crois appears :
 Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
 And melt my eyes to tears.

But drops of grief can ne'er repay
 The debt of love I owe ;
 May I here give myself away !
 'T is all that I can do.

HYMN CIX. *The Same.*

IS there a thing beneath the sky
 Can comfort bring or satisfy,
 But our dear Saviour's wounds ?
Here is a sweet and constant peace,
 A treasure full of richest grace;
 All else are empty sounds.

Attend, my soul, sink down with shame,
 Before his face, who only came
 To suffer, bleed, and die :
O think upon thy sin and guilt,
 For which his precious blood was spilt—
 Thou didst him crucify.

See, thou vile piece of sinful dust,
 Thy dearest Lord sweat for thy lust,
 Till drops of blood fall down ;
 See how he yonder prostrate lies,
 Observe his mournful prayer and cries,
 Mark ev'ry tear and groan !

See thy dear Lord dragg'd like a thief,
 Amidst contempt, and stripes, and grief,
 For thee a sacrifice ;
 Fasten'd unto the shameful wood,
 Despis'd by men, and bath'd in blood ;
 So dear thy ransom price !

Lord, didst thou suffer thus for me ?
 Didst thou feel all this misery,
 To give me life and peace ?
 Then let me bear it on my heart,
 My all is purchas'd with thy smart,
 Thy blood signs my release !

HYMN CX. *Distinguishing Love: or, Angels punished; and Man sav'd.*

DOWN headlong from their native skies
 The rebel-angels fell ;
 And thunderbolts of flaming wrath
 Pursu'd them deep to hell.
 Down from the top of earthly bliss
 Rebellious man was hurl'd ;
 And Jesus stoop'd beneath the grave,
 To save a sinking world.

O love of infinite degree !
 Unmeasurable grace !
 Must Heav'n's eternal darling die,
 To save a trait'rous race ?
 Must angels sink for ever down,
 And burn in quenchless fire ?
 While God forsakes his shining throne,
 To raise us wretches higher ?
 Oh for this love let earth and skies
 With hallelujahs ring :
 And the full choir of human tongues
 All hallelujahs sing !

HYMN CXI. *Christ's Commission.*

COME, happy souls, approach your God
 With new melodious songs ;
 Come render to almighty grace
 The tribute of your tongues.
 So strange, so boundless was the love,
 That pitied dying men,
 The Father sent his equal Son,
 To give them life again.
 Thy hands, dear Jesus, were not arm'd
 With a revenging rod ;
 No hard commission to perform
 The vengeance of a God.
 But all was mercy, all was mild,
 And wrath forsook the throne,
 When Christ on the kind errand came,
 And brought salvation down.

Here, sinners, you may heal your wounds,
 And wipe your sorrows dry ;
 Trust in the mighty Saviour's name,
 And you shall never die.

O dearest Lord, melt down our souls,
 T' accept thine offer'd grace ;
 Then will we bless the Saviour's love,
 And give the Father praise.

HYMN CXII. *The Same.*

R AISE your triumphant songs
 To an immortal tune ;
 Let the wide earth resound the deeds
 Celestial grace has done.

Sing how eternal love
 Its chief beloved chose ;
 And bid him raise our wretched race
 From their abyss of woes.

His hand no thunder bears,
 No terror clothes his brow ;
 No bolts to drive our guilty souls
 To fiercer flames below.

'T was mercy fill'd the throne,
 And wrath stood silent by,
 When Christ was sent with pardon down,
 To rebels doom'd to die.

Now, sinners, dry your tears,
 Let hopeless sorrows cease ;
 Bow to the sceptre of his love,
 And take the offer'd peace.
 Lord, we obey the call ;
 We lay an humble claim
 To the salvation thou hast brought,
 And love and praise thy name.

HYMN CXIII.

Behold, I stand at the Door and knock, &c.

WE magnify thy grace, O Lord ;
 How plenteously hast thou prepar'd
 A supper for thy saints !
 All things are ready, thou hast said,
 A table thou hast richly spread,
 To answer all our wants.

Now, Lord, allure our souls to thee,
 O kindly bid us come and see,
 And taste how good thou art :
 Knock with the hammer of thy word,
 Knock by thy pow'rful Spirit, Lord,
 Lord, break into each heart.

Darkness and unbelief remove,
 And ravish all our souls with love,
 Cast out the pow'r of sin ;
 Jesus, attend our feeble pray'r,
 And for thyself our hearts prepare ;
 Come in, our Lord, come in.

Let comfort, love, and joy, and peace,
 Let rivers flow, and still increase,
 Unto the ocean driv'n;
 Lord, condescend to sup with me,
 And grant I now may sup with thee,
 And sup at last in heav'n.

HYMN. CXIV.

Repentance flowing from the Patience of God.

AND are we wretches yet alive?
 And do we yet rebel?
 'T is boundless, 't is amazing love,
 That bears us up from hell.
 The burden of our weighty guilt
 Would sink us down to flames;
 And threat'ning vengeance rolls above,
 To crush our feeble frames.
 Almighty goodness cries, Forbear!
 And straight the thunder stays:
 And dare we now provoke his wrath,
 And weary out his grace?
 Lord, we have long abus'd thy love,
 Too long indulg'd our sin;
 O that our hearts may bleed, to see
 What rebels we have been!
 No more, our lusts, may ye command,
 No more may we obey;
 Stretch out, O God, thy conqu'ring hand,
 And drive these foes away.

HYMN CXV.

Access to the Throne of Grace by a Mediator.

COME let us lift our joyful eyes
Up to the courts above ;
And smile to see our Father there,
Upon a throne of love.

Once 't was a seat of dreadful wrath,
And shot devouring flame !
Our God appear'd consuming fire,
And Vengeance was his name.

Rich were the drops of Jesu's blood,
That calm'd his frowning face ;
That sprinkled o'er the burning throne,
And turn'd the wrath to grace.

Now we may bow before his feet,
And venture near the Lord ;
No fiery cherub guards his seat,
Nor double-flaming sword.

The peaceful gates of heav'nly bliss
Are open'd by the Son ;
High let us raise our notes of praise,
And reach th' almighty throne.

To thee ten thousand thanks we bring,
Great Advocate on high ;
And glory to th' eternal King,
That lays his fury by.

HYMN CXVI.

The Darkness of Providence.

L ORD, we adore thy vast designs,
Th' obscure abyſs of Providence,
Too deep to sound with mortal lines,
Too dark to view with feeble ſenſe.

Now thou array'ſt thine awful face
In angry frowns without a ſmile :
Saints, through the cloud, believe thy grace,
Secure of thy compassion ſtill.

Through feas and storms of deep diſtreſs
They fail by faith and not by fight :
Faith guides them in the wilderness,
Through all the dangers of the night.

Dear Father, if thy lifted rod
Resolve to ſcourge us here below,
Still we must lean upon our God,
Thine arm shall bear us ſafely through.

HYMN CXVII. *The Priesthood of Christ.*

B LOOD has a voice to pierce the ſkies,
Revenge, the blood of Abel cries ;
But the dear stream, when Christ was slain,
Speaks peace as loud from ev'ry vein.

Pardon and peace from God on high,
Behold he lays his vengeance by ;
And rebels that deserve his ſword,
Become the fav'rites of the Lord.

To Jesus let our praises rise,
Who gave his life a sacrifice ;
Now he appears before our God,
And for our pardon pleads his blood.

HYMN CXVIII.

The Benefit of Public Ordinances.

A WAY from ev'ry mortal care,
Away from earth, our souls retreat ;
We leave this worthless world afar,
And wait, and worship near thy seat.

Lord, in the temple of thy grace
We see thy feet, and we adore ;
We gaze upon thy lovely face,
And learn the wonders of thy pow'r.

While here our various wants we mourn,
United groans ascend on high ;
And prayer bears a quick return
Of blessings in variety.

Father, our souls would still abide
Within thy temple, near thy side !
But if our feet must hence depart,
Still keep thy dwelling in each heart.

HYMN CXIX. *Humiliation.*

LORD, we are vile, conceiv'd in sin,
And born unholy and unclean ;
Sprung from the man, whose guilty fall
Corrupts the race, and taints us all.

Soon as we draw our infant breath,
 The seeds of sin grow up for death ;
 Thy law demands a perfect heart,
 But we're defil'd in ev'ry part.

Behold, we fall before thy face,
 Our only refuge is thy grace ;
 No outward forms can make us clean,
 The leprosy lies deep within.

Jesus, our God, thy blood alone
 Hath pow'r sufficient to atone :
 Lord, let us hear thy pard'ning voice,
 And make our downcast hearts rejoice.

HYMN CXX. *The Offices of Christ.*

WE bless the Prophet of the Lord,
 That comes with truth and grace ;
 Jesus, thy Spirit and thy Word
 Shall lead us in thy ways.

We rev'rence our High Priest above,
 Who offer'd up his blood ;
 And lives to carry on his love,
 By pleading with our God.

We honour our exalted King ;
 How sweet are his commands !
 He guards our souls from hell and sin,
 By his almighty hands.

Hosanna to his glorious name,
 Who saves by diff'rent ways ;

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His mercies lay a sov'reign claim
To our immortal praise.

HYMN CXXI.

Faith in Christ our Sacrifice.

NOT all the blood of beasts,
On Jewish altars slain,
Could give the guilty conscience peace,
Or wash away the stain.

But Christ, the heav'ly Lamb,
Takes all our sins away ;
A sacrifice of nobler name,
And richer blood than they.

My faith would lay her hand
On that dear head of thine,
While like a penitent I stand,
And there confess my sin.

My soul looks back to see
The burdens thou didst bear,
When hanging on the cursed tree,
And hopes her guilt was there.

Believing, we rejoice
To see the curse remove ;
We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,
And sing his bleeding love.

HYMN CXXII.

God reconciled in Christ.

DEAREST of all the names above,
Our Jesus and our God,

Who can resist thy heav'nly love,
Or trifle with thy blood ?

'T is by the merits of thy death,
The Father smiles again ;

'T is by thine interceding breath,
The Spirit dwells in men.

Till God in human flesh I see,
My thoughts no comfort find ;
The holy, just, and sacred Three,
Are terrors to my mind.

But if Immanuel's face appear,
My hope, my joy begins ;
His name forbids my slavish fear,
His grace removes my sins.

While Jews on their own law rely,
And Greeks of wisdom boast ;
I love th' incarnate mystery,
And there I fix my trust.

HYMN CXXIII.

O come, let us sing unto the Lord,

DISCIPLES of Christ,
Ye friends of the Lamb,
Attend and assist

In singing his fame :
Eternal thanksgiving
The faithful should pay —
The living, the living,
As we do this day.

A body of clay
 He humbly put on ;
 And then took away
 The sin we had done ;
 And in it endur'd
 The wrath to us due,
 The curse we incurr'd,
 Our stripes, and our woe.

Not only he died,
 But also arose,
 Laid weakness aside,
 And all of his foes,
 (Sin, Death, and the Devil,).
 He triumphed o'er,
 And every evil
 Dominion and pow'r.

O merciful Lamb,
 Who sit'st on the throne,
 We bow at thy name,
 We count thee alone
 Deserving our bleffing ;
 And bleffing we'll give,
 Without ever ceasing,
 So long as we live.

HYMN CXXIV. *Adult Baptism.*

D ESCEND, celestial Dove,
 In ev'ry bosom dwell ;
 Upon the prefent water move,
 While we the influence feel.

Anoint with holy fire,
 Baptize with purging flames,
 This soul, and with thy grace inspire
 In ceaseless living streams.
 Thy heav'nly unction give,
 Thy promise, Lord, fulfil ;
 Give pow'r; thy Spirit to receive,
 And strength to do thy will.
 Thy ord'nance we obey,
 O meet us in the same !
 And with this water now convey
 The virtues of thy name.
 Witness to this thy sign,
 And grant the inward grace ;
 Let this thy servant, seal'd for thine,
 From hence depart in peace.

HYMN CXXV. *Infant Baptism.*

THUS did the sons of Abr'ham pass
 Under the bloody seal of grace ;
 The young disciples bare the yoke,
 Till Christ the painful bondage broke,
 By milder ways doth Jesus prove
 His Father's cov'nant and his love ;
 He seals to saints his glorious grace,
 And not forbids their infant race.
 Their seed is sprinkled with his blood,
 Their children set apart for God !

His spirit on their offspring shed,
Like water pour'd upon their head.
Let ev'ry saint, with cheerful voice,
In this large covenant rejoice ;
Young children, in their early days,
Shall give the God of Abr'ham praise.

HYMN CXXVI.

Original and actual Sin confessed and pardoned.

LORD, we would spread our sore distress
And guilt before thine eyes ;
Against thy laws, against thy grace,
How high our crimes arise !
Shouldst thou condemn our souls to hell,
And crush our flesh to dust,
Heav'n would approve thy vengeance well,
And earth must own it just.
Cleanse us, O Lord, and cheer each soul
With thy forgiving love ;
O make our broken spirits whole,
And bid our pains remove.
Let not thy spirit quite depart,
Nor drive us from thy face ;
Create anew our vicious hearts,
And fill them with thy grace.

HYMN CXXVII. *Bethold the Man.*

YE serious souls draw near,
My song of Jesus hear :

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Roll'd in blood his garments shine;
 See him gloriously divine ;
 On his hands your names appear,
 Come with me, this kingdom share.

Rivers of pleasures flow
 From him, for you to know ;
 You, who for your Saviour mourn ;
 You, by blood and water born ;
 You, who glad the world receive ;
 You, who, taught of God, believe.

Th' exalted Saviour see—
 He liv'd and died for thee :
 For you he came down from God,
 Emptied all his veins of blood ;
 This, the Lamb for sinners slain,
 Guilty souls, *Behold the man !*

Come near, ye weary, come,
 His arms shall make you room :
 He, the fruit of Jesse's stem,
 Opes to you the living stream ;
 Jesus, born of David's line,
 You unto himself shall join.

Your folly he shall hide,
 And bury in his side ;
 O come near, his mercies taste,
 Let your sins on him be cast ;
 Bold approach, for he shall bear
 All your burden, all your care.

All ye whom troubles tire,
 Who'd rest from sin's desire,
 Jesus bids you to the feast,
 There is your eternal rest ;
 Come with me, and ye shall prove,
 His, an everlasting love.

HYMN CXXVIII.

Longing for the Latter Day Glory.

SAVIOUR of the world, attend,
 Hearken to thy people's moan :
 Art thou not the sinner's friend ?
 Art thou not their friend alone ?
 Then thine ear incline,
 While they for redemption cry,
 Think upon that word of thine,
 " Your redemption draweth nigh."
 Hear'st thou not the many pray'rs,
 Offer'd by thy church, with thee ?
 See'st thou not the thousand tears,
 Pour'd before thy Majesty ?
 Mark'st thou not the groans ?
 Mind'st thou not the yearnings great
 Of thy ransom'd little ones,
 Prostrate round thy mercy-seat ?
 Is it nothing, Lord, to thee,
 That so many years they've cried ?
 Must their suit unanswered be ?
 Shall their prayers be still denied ?

For thy mercies' sake,
 Turn thou the captivity,
 Bring the banish'd brethren back,
 Lord, unite them all in thee.

Be the captive exile loos'd ;
 Lord, the jubilee proclaim ;
 All who liberty refus'd,
 Let them call upon thy name :
 Whoso calls on thee,
 Shall deliv'rance gladly prove ;
 Shall thy spail, dear Jesus, be,
 Monuments that thou art love.

Let thy blood's so boundless pow'r
 Wide as the creation reach ;
 Sweetly loud, from shore to shore,
 Thine eternal mercy preach :
 Let the ransom'd seed
 Hear, and to thy temple flow,
 All for whom thou 'st deign'd to bleed,
 Let them thy salvation know.

Lift thy ensign very high,
 Let thy bloody cross be seen,
 Let thy scarlet banners fly,
 Glorious in the sight of men :
 Sound the angel loud,
 " Now begins the jubilee,
 " Now salvation comes from God,
 " All together it shall see ! "

HYMN CXXIX. *The Same.*

HOW many years have we been driv'n
Out from our Eden, from our heav'n?
Lord, it is time that thou restore
Thy wand'ring church, to roam no more.

Six thousand years are nearly past,
Since Adam from thy sight was cast;
So long ago his fallen race
From age to age were void of peace.

Pris'ners in houses made of clay,
And out of sight of heav'ny day,
They cannot choose but daily mourn,
Till they from banishment return.

When will the happy trump proclaim
The judgment of the martyr'd Lamb?
When shall the captive troops be free,
And keep th' eternal jubilee?

Hasten, O God, in ev'ry land,
"Send thou thine angels, and command;
"Go sound deliv'rance, loudly blow,
"Salvation to the saints below."

We want to have the day appear,
The promis'd great sabbatic year,
When far from grief, and sin, and hell,
Isr'el in ceaseless peace shall dwell.

Till then we will not let thee rest,
Thou still shalt hear our strong request;
And this our daily pray'r shall be,
Lord, sound the trump of jubilee.

HYMN CXXX.

All Nations shall serve him.

SAVIOUR, King, assume thy pow'r,
Thou that art the Conqueror;

Lead thy promis'd glory on,
Bring the nations to thy throne.

Japhet's Isles do bless thy name,
Let the West thy worth proclaim ;
Wash the Ethiopian clean ;
In the East new signs be seen.

Great the band of those be found,
Who proclaim the joyful sound ;
Let it to thy Israel come,
Let it bring the wand'lers home.

To the brightness of thy face
Fly in troops the suppliant race :
Princes shall adorn the train ;
Monarchs bow, and bless thy reign.

When, like lightning through the skies,
Will thy latter glory rise ?

When shall we behold thy power ?
When salute th' accomplish'd hour ?

Quickly, Lord, thy triumphs bring,
Tongues and kindred wait to sing ;
Then shall all the chosen race
Shout aloud redeeming grace,

Hallelujah !

HYMN CXIII.

The Divine Sovereignty.

OUR God reigns, ye lands rejoice ;
 Lift, ye isles, a thankful voice ;
 Every throne, by one control'd,
 Well secures the passive world.

Higher than the sons of pride,
 He bids raging waves subside ;
 Whate'er strifes the nations fill,
 The whole centres to his will.

How unfathomably wise !
 Beauteous too his counsel lies !
 Ev'ry way his will is done,
 Ev'ry way his justice shown.

Thoughts are vain against the Lord,
 All subserves his standing word ;
 Satan lets, and men object,
 Yet the thing they thwart, effect.

Subjects of the Lord, be bold,
 Jesus will his kingdom hold ;
 Wheels encircling wheels must run,
 Each in place to bring it on.

Blest is faith that trusts his pow'r,
 Blest are saints that wait his hour ;
 Haste, great Conqueror, bring it near,
 Let the glorious close appear.

HYMN CXXXII. *For Good Friday.*

WH O hath our report believ'd ?
Shaloh come is not receiv'd,
Not received by his own ;
Promis'd branch, from root of Jesse,
David's Offspring, sent to bleſs ye,
Comes too neeckly to be known.

Tell me, O thou favour'd nation,
What is thy fond expectation ?
Some fair, spreading lofty tree ?
Let not worldly pride confound thee,
'Mong the lowly plants around thee,
Mark the lowest—that is HE.

Blessed be the Pow'r who gave us,
Freely gave his Son to save us,
Bless'd the Son who freely came ;
Honour, bleſſing, adoration,
Ever, from the whole creation,
Be to God and to the Lamb !

HYMN CXXXIII.

For the Fifth of November.

SHOUT to the Lord, and let our joys
Through the whole nation run :
Ye British skies, resound the noise
Beyond the rising sun.

Thee, mighty God, our souls admire,
Thee our glad voices sing ;
And join with the celestial choir,
To praise th' eternal King.

Thy pow'r the whole creation rules ;
 And on the starry skies
 Sits smiling, at the weak designs
 Thine envious foes devise.

Thy scorn derides their feeble rage,
 And, with an awful frown,
 Flings vast confusion on their plots,
 And shakes their Babel down.

Almighty grace defend our land
 From their malicious pow'r ;
 Let Britain with united songs
 Almighty grace adore.

HYMN CXXXIV.

For New Year's Day.

THE Lord of earth and sky,
 The God of ages praise,
 Who reigns enthron'd on high,
 Ancient of endless days ;
 Who lengthens out our trial here,
 And spares us yet another year !

Barren and wither'd trees,
 We cumber'd long the ground ;
 No fruit of holiness
 On our dead souls was found :
 Yet doth he us in mercy spare,
 Another, and another year !

When Justice bared the sword,
 To cut the fig-tree down,

The pity of our Lord
Cried, " Let it still alone."
The Father mild inclin'd his ear,
And spares us yet another year.

Jesus, thy speaking blood
From God obtain'd the grace,
Who therefore hath bestow'd
On us a longer space;
Thou didst in our behalf appear,
And, lo ! we see another year.

Then dig about our root,
Break up our fallow ground,
And let our gracious fruit
To thy great praise abound :
O let us all thy praise declare,
And fruit unto perfection bear.

HYMN CXXXV.

A Song of Praise to God from Great Britain.

NATURE with all her pow'r shall sing,
God the Creator, and the King ;
Nor air, nor earth, nor skies, nor seas,
Deny the tribute of their praise.

Begin to make his glories known ;
Ye seraphs, who surround his throne ;
Tune your harps high, and spread the sound
To the creation's utmost bound.

All mortal things of meaner frame,
Exert your force, and own his name !

Whilst with our souls and with our voice,
We sing his honours, and our joys.

He builds and guards the British Throne,
And makes it gracious like his own :
Makes our successive princes kind,
And gives our dangers to the wind.

Raise monumental praises high,
To Him that thunders through the sky ;
The strongest notes that angels raise,
Faint in the worship and the praise.

HYMN CXXXVI.

*For his Majesty King GEORGE, and
Royal Family.*

LORD, thou hast bid thy people pray
For all that bear the sov'reign sway,
And thy Vicegerent's reign ;
Rulers, and governors, and powers :
And, lo ! in faith we pray for ours,
Nor can we pray in vain.

Jesus, thy chosen servant guard,
And ev'ry threat'ning danger ward
From his anointed head !
Bid all his griefs and troubles cease,
And through the path of heav'nly peace
To life eternal lead !

Cover his enemies with shame,
Defeat their dire malicious aim,
Their baffled hopes destroy !

(111)

But shew'r on him thy blessings down,
 Crown him with grace, with glory crown,
 And everlasting joy.

To hoary hairs be thou his God,
 Late may he see that high abode,
 Late to his heav'n remove !
 Of virtues full, and happy days,
 Accounted worthy, by thy grace,
 To fill a throne above.

And when thou dost his soul receive,
 O give us in his offspring, give
 Us back our King again ;
 Preserve them, Providence divine,
 And let the long illustrious line
 To latest ages reign.

Secure us, of his royal race,
 A man to stand before thy face,
 And exercise thy pow'r ;
 With wealth, prosperity, and peace,
 Our nation and our church to bless,
 Till time shall be no more.

HYMN CXXXVII.

For Society.

WHO can have greater cause to sing,
 Who greater cause to bless,
 Than we the children of the King,
 Than we who Christ possess?

*Than we who Christ possess?
 Than we who Christ possess?*

With angel hosts, dear Lamb, we join,
 To praise thy love and pow'r;
 To magnify thy grace divine,
 Thou mighty Counsellor, Thou, &c.

We late were Satan's captives led,
 And hell had been our end,
 Hadst thou not for our pardon bled,
 Thou sinner's only friend, Thou, &c.

For this we still employ our tongue,
 Nor shall our praises cease;
 We evermore will sing that song,
 The Lord our righteousness, The, &c.

No other God we know but thee,
 None else did us create;
 Thy glory may we ever be,
 O holy Advocate! O holy, &c.

'T was thou, 't was only thou didst take
 The Mediator's place,
 (When we the Father's statutes brake :)
 All hail, thou Prince of Peace ! All hail, &c.

We daily prove thee still the same,
 Whene'er our need we see :
 Thou bearest still a Saviour's name,
 Our Saviour thou shalt be ! Our, &c.

No law, nor sin, nor hell, nor death,
 Shall us from thee divide ;
 Strongly we hold that precious faith,
 For us our Saviour died, For us, &c.

HYMN CXXXVIII. *The Pilgrim's Song.*

RISE, my soul, and stretch thy wings,
 Thy better portion trace ;
 Rise from transitory things,
 Tow'rds heaven, thy native place :
 Sun, and moon, and stars decay,
 Time shall soon this earth remove ;
 Rise, my soul, and haste away,
 To seats prepar'd above.

Rivers to the ocean run,
 Nor stay in all their course ;
 Fire ascending seeks the sun,
 Both speed them to their source :

So a soul that's born of God,
 Pants to view his glorious face,
 Upward tends to his abode,
 To rest in his embrace.

Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn,
 Press onwards to the prize ;
 Soon our Saviour will return
 Triumphant in the skies :
 Yet a season, and you know,
 Happy entrance will be given ;
 All our sorrows left below,
 And earth exchang'd for heaven.

HYMN CXXXIX. *Calling to follow Jesus.*

COME, my Father's family,
 Ye ransom'd of the Lord ;
 Come, ye fainers, who with me
 Are ev'ry where abhorr'd :
 Let us gladly trace his steps,
 Who suffer'd death among the Jews,
 Who the friendless soul accepts,
 Whom all beside refuse.

Jesus, the despis'd and mean,
 Our master let us own ;
 He, the sacrifice for sin,
 The Saviour he alone :
 Let us take and bear his cross,
 Despis'd disciples let us be ;

(115)

Mock'd and slighted, as he was,
 For you, my friends, and me.
 None but Jesus will we sing,
 None else will we adore ;
 He, our Prophet, Priest, and King,
 Shall be for evermore :
 None among the heav'nly pow'rs,
 Nor one on earth, our praise may claim ;
 None but Jesus call we ours,
 None but the bleeding Lamb.

HYMN CXLII. *The Same.*

COME, ye lovers of the Lamb,
 Join in publishing his fame ;
 Let the whole society
 Sing our Saviour's clemency :

Who like us so favour'd are ?
 We the Lord's peculiar care ;
 We the precious sons of God,
 Dearly purchas'd by his blood !

Who can make their boast like us ?
 Who hath e'er been honour'd thus ?
 We can boast, for we are made
 Kings and priests in Christ our head.

Jesus (when we all were poor),
 Out of love's eternal store,
 Gave to each of us a crown,
 Gave us mansions near his throne.

Neither leave us desolate,
While we're in our pilgrim state ;
Here he talks with us, and we
Him by faith's perspective see.

Him we commune with by pray'rs,
Well persuaded he us hears ;
Sure we do not pray in vain,
He kind answers gives again.

Best of friends the Lord we prove,
He ne'er changes in his love ;
Faithful, gracious, good, the same,
Find we is our Lord the Lamb.

Evermore we sing to thee,
High exalted Deity :
Bless we thee, eternal Son,
Glory be to thee alone !

HYMN CXLIII.

Christ our great Melchisedec.

THOU dear Redeemer, dying Lamb,
We love to hear of thee ;
No music like thy charming name,
Nor half so sweet can be.

O may we ever hear thy voice,
In mercy to us speak ;
And in our Priest will we rejoice,
Thou great Melchisedec.

Our Jesus shall be still our theme,
While in this world we stay ;

We 'll sing our Jesu's lovely name,
When all things else decay :
When we appear in yonder cloud,
With all his favour'd throng,
Then will we sing more sweet, more loud,
And Christ shall be our song.

HYMN CXLIV. *Peace of God's Children.*

LOVING Saviour, Prince of Peace,
Author of our unity,
Making wars and jarrings cease,
Causing men, though foes, t' agree,
Kindly rule in us ;
Make us happily go on,
Helping each to bear his cross,
Stedfast till our work is done.

Let us, like a flock of sheep,
Close together persevere,
True by one another keep,
Each esteeming very dear,
All together move :
Truly subject be the whole,
Bound in bands of truest love,
One in heart, in mind, in soul.

May we all one faith maintain,
One sole doctrine witness too,
Christ the Lord our God was slain,
Slain for us, and this is true,
He will our dear portion be,

We thee acknowledge God and Lord,
 Father ere time began ;
T'hou art by heav'n and earth ador'd,
Worthy o'er both to reign.

To thee all angels cry aloud,
 Through heav'n's extended coasts ;
Hail, boly, boly, boly God
Of all immortal boſts !

The Cherubim and Seraphim
 Are always praizing thee ;
The worlds, and all the pow'rs therein,
Adore thy majesty.

The Prophet's goodly fellowship,
 In milky garments dres'd,
Praise thee, thou boly God, and reaſp
The fulness of thy reſt.

Th' Apostles' glorious company,
 Thy righteous praife proclaim ;
The martyr'd army glorify
Thy everlasting name.

Through all the world thy churches join,
 T' acknowledge thee the head ;
Father of Majefty divine,
Who ev'ry pow'r baſt made.

Also thy true and only Son,
 Thy family confefs ;
King of thy saints, to us make known
The Lord our righteousness.

Also the Holy Ghost we praise,
 The Spirit of the Lord,
The Comforter, whose kindling rays
Our dying souls restor'd.

HYMN CXLVII.

Holy Strife in praising Christ. -

RISE, O ye seed of David, rile,
 Daughters of Zion, sing ;
Up, sons of Jacob, Jesus praise,
Salute th' auspicious King.

Our souls arise, and may our tongue
 Be tun'd to praise the Lamb ;
So ready be our ransom'd strong,
To magnify his name.

Why stay we then ? the Lord extol ;
 Zion, break forth in praise ;
Join ev'ry heav'nly-minded soul
In pure seraphic lays.

Open, ye everlasting doors,
 Divide, ye gates of bliss ;
We with dominions, thrones, and pow'rs,
Praise Christ our righteousness.

HYMN CXLVIII. *The Same.*

LET us, the sheep by Jesus nam'd,
 Our Shepherd's mercy bless ;
Let us, whom Jesus bath redeem'd,
Show forth our thankfulness.

Not unto us, to thee alone,
 Blest Lamb, be glory giv'n;
Here shall thy praises be begin,
But carried on in heav'n,

The hosts of spirits now with thee,
 Eternal anthems sing;
To imitate them bere, lo! we
Our Hallelujahs bring.

Had we our tongues like theirs inspir'd,
 Like theirs our songs should rise;
Like them, we never should be tir'd,
But love the sacrifice.

Till we the veil of flesh lay down,
 Accept our weaker lays;
And when, O Lord, we reach thy throne,
We'll join in nobler praise.

HYMN CXLIX.

Pilgrim's Hymn. A DIALOGUE.

TELL us, O women, we would know,
 Whither so fast ye move?
We, call'd to leave the world below,
Are seeking one above.

Whence came ye, say, and what the place,
 That ye are trav'lling from?
From Tribulation we, through grace,
Are now returning home.

Is not your native country here?
 Like you not this abode?

*We seek a better country far,
A city built by God.*

Thither we travel, nor intend
Short of that bliss to rest ;
Nor eve, till in the sinner's Friend
Our weary souls are bless'd.

Friends of the Bridegroom we shall reign,
Saviour, we ask no more :
Hail, Lamb of God, for sinners slain,
Whom heav'n and earth adore !

HYMN CL. *Resting under the Cross.*

CHILDREN of Israel, see what shade
The cross doth us afford ;
It was for weary trav'lers made,
We thank thee for it, Lord.

Awhile sit down, and we'll prepare
To sing his worthy fame ;
Who to redeem us sojourn'd here,
Christ Jesus is his name.

We sing thy suff'rings, wounds, and blood,
The virtue of thy pain ;
We sing thy griefs, thou Son of God,
Thou Lamb for sinners slain.

We hail thee, thou, by Jews revil'd,
To thee we bow the knee ;
Hail ! very God, the promis'd Child, -
The Prophets sing of thee.

Yet they have an inward joy,
Pleasures which can never cloy.

They alone are truly blest,
Heirs of God, joint heirs with Christ ;
With them number'd may we be,
Here, and in eternity !

HYMN CLIII.

Peace of Christianity. A DIALOGUE.

HO ! Pilgrims (if ye pilgrims be),
We want to join with you :
Poor Christian travellers are we,
To Canaan's land we go.

No peace (though we have sought) we find,
In any country here ;
'T was therefore we left all behind,
Wealth, name, and character..

We ne'er such pleasure knew before,
As now in him we know :
Peace (since our Saviour's cross we bore),
Like rivers in us flow.

Let others then delight them here,
Their trifles we despise :
The heav'nly kingdom we prefer,
The bliss of Paradise.

Then joyful let us journey on,
To certain rest above ;
Singing to Him on yonder throne
Of free electing love.

HYMN CLIV.

Glorifying God in Christ. DIALOGUE.

BRETHREN, sing—'t is right ye should
Sing our Saviour's precious blood ;
Daughters of Jerusalem,
Join we willingly the theme.

Shout for joy, ye happy men ;
Lo, for you the Lamb was slain !
Highly favour'd women, praise
Jesus in celestial lays.

Hail, Redeeming Lamb, who late
Suffer'd death without the gate ;
Hail ! for by thy death and cross
Thou hast purchas'd heav'n for us.

None but Jesus will we sing,
None but Jesus, Isr'el's King ;
None but Jesus will we laud,
None but Christ our Lord and God.

Worthy, holy Lamb, art thou,
Praise to have, and honour too ;
Worthy thou of bliss and pow'r,
Now, henceforth, and evermore.

HYMN CLV. *Heavenly Joy on Earth.*

COME, we that love the Lord,
And let our joys be known ;
Join in a song of sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne.

The sorrows of the mind
Be banish'd from this place ;
Religion never was design'd
To make our pleasures less.

The men of grace have found
Glory begun below ;
Celestial fruits on earthly ground
From faith and hope may grow.

The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heav'nly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.

Then let our songs abound,
And ev'ry tear be dry ;
We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground,
To fairer worlds on high.

HYMN CLVI.

The Wisdom of God, Foolishness with Men.

O SAVIOUR, thou thy mysteries
Hast often cover'd from the wise,
And babes thy glory show'd ;
Thy wisdom far surpasses all
That studious mortals wisdom call,
Thou holy Lamb of God.

The nat'r'al man can't right conceive
The glorious things which we believe,
How thou didst us redeem;

The things thy Spirit teaches us,
 The merits of thy blood and cross,
 Are foolishness to him.

They this world's wisdom seek and gain,
 That wisdom which thou callest vain ;
 But, ah ! are strangers still
 To that which makes our spirits wise,
 And sets before our waiting eyes
 What is our Saviour's will.

Thrice happy then are we, who prove
 The peace of God, his truth, and love,
 Things freely to us giv'n :
 These earnest are of greater bliss,
 The earnest of that happiness,
 Which we shall have in heav'n.

HYMN CLVII. *The Triumph of Faith.*

HEAD of the church triumphant,
 We joyfully adore thee :
 Till thou appear, thy members here
 Shall sing like those in glory :
 We lift our hearts and voices,
 With blest anticipation ;
 And cry aloud, and give to God
 The praise of our salvation.

While in affliction's furnace,
 And passing through the fire,
 Thy love we praise, which knows our days,
 And ever brings us nigher,

We clap our hands, exulting
 In thine almighty favour ;
 The love divine, which made us thine,
 Shall keep us thine for ever.

Thou dost conduct thy people
 Through torrents of temptation ;
 Nor will we fear, whilst thou art near,
 The fire of tribulation ;
 The world, with Sin and Satan,
 In vain our march opposes ;
 By thee we shall break through them all,
 And sing the song of Moses.

By faith we see the glory
 To which thou shalt restore us :
 The cross despise, for that high prize
 Which thou hast set before us ;
 And if thou count us worthy,
 We each, as dying Stephen,
 Shall see thee stand at God's right hand,
 To take us up to heav'n.

HYMN CLVIII. *The Same.*

R EJOICE, the Lord is King ;
 Your Lord and King adore ;
 Mortals, give thanks and sing,
 And triumph evermore ;
 Lift up your heart, lift up your voice,
 Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

Jesus the Saviour reigns,
 The God of truth and love ;
 When he had purg'd our stains,
 He took his seat above : *Lift up, &c.*
 His kingdom cannot fail,
 He rules o'er earth and heav'n ;
 The keys of death and hell
 Are to our Jesus giv'n : *Lift up, &c.*
 He sits at God's right hand,
 Till all his foes submit,
 And bow to his command,
 And fall beneath his feet : *Lift up, &c.*
 Rejoice in glorious hope,
 Jesus the Judge shall come,
 And take his servants up
 To their eternal home :
 We soon shall hear th' archangel's voice,
 The trump of God shall sound, Rejoice !

HYMN CLIX.

Little Children, love one another.

GIVER of concord, Prince of Peace,
 Meek lamb-like Son of God,
 Bid our unruly passions cease,
 And quench them with thy blood.
 Us into closest union draw,
 And in our inward parts
 Let kindness sweetly write her law,
 Let love command our hearts.

O let thy love our hearts constrain :
 Jesus, the crucified,
 What hast thou done our hearts to gain ?—
 Languish'd, and groan'd, and died !

Who would not now pursue the way
 Where Jesu's footsteps shine ?
 Who would not own the pleasing sway
 Of charity divine ?
 O let us find the ancient way
 Our wond'ring foes to move ;
 And force the heathen world to say,
 " See how these Christians love ! "

HYMN CLX.

The Communion of Saints. Part I.

COME, and let us sweetly join,
 Christ to praise in hymns divine :
 Give we all, with one accord,
 Glory to our common Lord :
 Strive we, in affection strive,
 Let the purer flame revive,
 Such as in the martyrs glow'd,
 Dying champions for their God.
 Sing we then in Jesu's name,
 Now, as yesterday, the same :
 One in ev'ry age and place,
 Full of love, of truth, and grace !
 Christ is now gone up on high,
 (Thither may our wishes fly !)

Sits at God's right hand above :
There with him we reign in love.

HYMN CLXI. Part II.

PARTNERS of a glorious hope,
Lift your hearts and voices up :
Jointly let us rise and sing
Christ our Prophet, Priest, and King.
Monuments of Jesu's grace,
Speak we by our lives his praise ;
Walk in him we have receiv'd,
Show we've not in vain believ'd.

While we walk with God in light,
God our hearts doth still unite ;
Dearest fellowship we prove,
Fellowship of Jesu's love.
Sweetly each with each combin'd,
In the bonds of duty join'd,
Feels the cleansing blood applied,
Daily feels that Christ hath died.

Still, O Lord, our faith increase,
Cleanse from all unrighteousness ;
Thee th' unholly cannot see ;
Make, O make us meet for thee ;
Ev'ry vile affection kill ;
Free our souls from every ill ;
Conquer every inbred sin,
Write thy law of love within.

(134) .

Hence may all our actions flow,
Love the proof that Christ we know ;
Mutual love the token be,
Lord, that we belong to thee :
Love, thy image, love impart,
Stamp it fully on each heart ;
Only love to us be giv'n,
Lord, we ask no other heav'n.

HYMN CLXII. Part III.

FATHER, Son, and Spirit, hear
Faith's effectual fervent pray'r ;
Hear, and our petition seal,
Let us now the answer feel ;
Mystically one with thee,
Transcript of the Trinity ;
Thee let all our nature own,
One in Three, and Three in One.
Build us in one body up,
Call'd in one high calling's hope ;
One the spirit whom we claim,
One the pure baptismal flame ;
One the faith, the common Lord,
One the Father lives ador'd,
Over, through, and in us all,
God, incomprehensible !
One with God, the source of blis,
Ground of our communion this ;
Life of all that live below,
Let thy emanations flow ;

Rise eternal in our heart ;
 Thou our only Eden art ;
 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 Be to us what Adam lost.

HYMN CLXIII. Part IV.

HUSBAND of thy church below,
 Christ, if thee our Lord we know,
 Unto thee betroth'd in love,
 Always faithful let us prove :
 Never rob thee of our heart,
 Never give the creature part ;
 Only thou posses the whole,
 Take our body, spirit, soul.
 Stedfast let us cleave to thee,
 Love the mystic union be ;
 Union to the world unknown,
 Join'd to God, in spirit one ;
 Wait we till the Spouse shall come,
 Till the Lamb shall take us home ;
 For his heav'n the Bride prepare,
 Solemnize our nuptials there.
 Let it hence to all be known
 Thou art with thy Father one ;
 One with him in us be shew'd,
 Very God of very God ;
 Sent our spirits to unite,
 Sent to make us sons of light ;
 Sent that we his grace may prove,
 All the riches of his love.

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HYMN CLXIV. Part V.

CHRIST, from whom all blessings flow,
Comforting thy saints below,
Hear us, who thy nature share,
Who thy mystic body are ;
Join us, in one spirit join,
Let us still receive of thine,
Still for more on thee we call,
Thee who fillest all in all.
Move, and actuate, and guide,
Diverse gifts to each divide ;
Plac'd according to thy will,
Let us all our works fulfil ;
Never from our office move,
Needful to the others prove,
Use the grace on each bestow'd,
Temper'd by the blessed God.
Many are we now and one,
We who Jesus have put on :
There is neither bond nor free,
Male nor female, Lord, in thee,
Love, like death, hath all destroy'd,
Render'd all distinctions void ;
Names, and sects, and parties fall,
Thou, O Christ, art all in all !

HYMN CLXV. Part VI.

KING of saints, to whom are giv'n
All in earth, and all in heav'n ;
Reconcil'd through thee alone,
Join'd and gather'd into one ;

Heirs of glory, sons of grace,
Lo, to thee our hopes we raise ;
Raise and fix our hopes on thee,
Full of immortality.

Absent in our flesh from home,
We are to Mount Sion come ;
Heaven is our soul's abode,
City of the living God ;
Enter'd there, our seats we claim
In the new Jerusalem ;
Join the countless angel-choir,
Greet the first-born sons of fire.

We our elder brothers meet,
We are made with them to fit ;
Sweetest fellowship we prove,
With the general church above ;
Saints, who now their names behold
In the book of life inroll'd,
Spirits of the righteous, made
Perfect now in Christ their head.

Life his healing blood imparts,
Sprinkled on our peaceful hearts ;
Abel's blood for vengeance cried,
Jesus speaks us justified ;
Speaks and calls for better things,
Makes us prophets, priests, and kings :
Asks that we with him may reign—
Earth, and heaven, say Amen !

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HYMN CLXVI.

For Persons joined in Fellowship.

TRY us, O God, and search the ground
Of ev'ry sinful heart ;
Whate'er of sin in us is found,
O bid it all depart.
When to the right or left we stray,
Restore us by thy grace ;
And guide our-feet into the way
Of everlasting peace.
Help us to help each other, Lord,
Each other's cross to bear :
Let each his friendly aid afford,
And feel his brother's care.
Help us to build each other up,
Our little stock improve ;
Increase our faith, confirm our hope,
And perfect us in love.
Then, when the mighty work is wrought,
Receive the ready bride :
Give us in heav'n a happy lot,
With all the sanctified.

HYMN CLXVII. *The Same.*

JESUS, Lord, we look to thee,
Let us in thy name agree ;
Show thyself the Prince of Peace,
Bid our jars for ever cease.
By thy reconciling love,
Every stumbling-block remove ;

Each to each unite, endear ;
Come and spread thy banner here.

Make us of one heart and mind,
Courteous, pitiful, and kind ;
Lowly, meek in thought and word,
Altogether like our Lord.

Let us each for other care,
Each his brother's burden bear ;
To thy church the pattern give,
Show how true believers live ;

Let us then with joy remove
To thy family above ;
On the wings of angels fly,
Show how true believers die.

HYMN CLXVIII. *At Meeting.*

BLEST by Jesu's providence,
Lo, we meet again in peace !
May we, when we fly from hence,
Meet in a more glorious place !

When we once shall there arrive,
Ever happy we shall reign ;
Ever with our Saviour live,
Midst a host of perfect men.

There shall sorrow not intrude,
Grief shall never there appear ;
Wash'd in our Redeemer's blood,
We shall stand made free from fear.



Come, dear fellows, joyful come,
 Forward boldly let us press ;
 Humbly let our souls presume,
 Trust in Jesu's righteousness.

Pray we for the promis'd hour,
 When the family complete,
 Borne on clouds, and girt with pow'r,
 In the house above shall meet.

Master, hasten on the day,
 Glorious to thy judgment come :
 Call thy trav'ling saints away,
 Lord, we long to be at home.

HYMN CLIX. *At Parting.*

BLEST be the dear uniting love,
 That will not let us part ;
 Our bodies may far off remove,
 We still are join'd in heart.

Join'd in one spirit to our Head,
 Where he appoints we go ;
 And still in Jesu's footsteps tread,
 And do his work below.

O let us ever walk in him,
 And nothing know beside ;
 Nothing desire, nothing esteem,
 But Jesus crucified.

Closer and closer let us cleave
 To his belov'd embrace ;

Expect his fulness to receive,
And grace to answer grace.

Then let us hasten to the day,
Which shall our flesh restore ;
When death shall all be done away,
And bodies part no more.

'HYMN CLXX. *Adoring Christ.*

WORTHY is Christ, our Paschal Lamb,
Who bow'd his head, and bore our
shame,

On God's eternal throne to reign,
For he for us, for us was slain.

From ev'ry people, land, and tongue,
He calls his royal conqu'ring throng :
Let all thy hosts thy grace confess,
And call thee, Lord our righteousness.

We praise thee, thou whose Spirit rests
On us thy kings, on us thy priests ;
Redeem'd to banquet with our God,
And bought and ransom'd by his blood,

Let every spirit now with thee,
And all on earth, and all on sea,
Thy wisdom bless, and fill thy throne
With worship due to thee alone.

Be pow'r and riches ever thine,
And strength and majesty divine ;
By every creature reign ador'd ;
The only, everlasting Lord !

HYMN CLXXI. *The Same.*

BRETHREN, let us join to bless
Jesus Christ our joy and peace ;
Let our praise to him be giv'n,
High at God's right hand in heav'n.

Master, see to thee we bow,
Thou art Lord, and only thou ;
Thou, the blessed Virgin's seed,
Glory of thy church and head.

Thee the angels ceaseless sing,
Thee we praise, our Priest and King ;
Worthy is thy name of praise,
Full of glory, full of grace.

Thou hast the glad tidings brought
Of salvation by thee wrought ;
Wrought for all thy church, and we
Worship in their company.

We, thy little flock, adore
Thee, the Lord, for evermore ;
Ever with us show thy love,
Till we join with those above.

HYMN CLXXII.

For the Propagation of the Gospel.

COME, divine Immanuel, come,
Take possession of thy home ;
Now thy mercy's wings expand,
Stretch throughout the happy land.

Carry on thy victory,
Spread thy rule from sea to sea ;
Re-convert the ransom'd race,
Save us, save us, Lord, by grace.

O that every soul might be
Suddenly subdued to thee ;
O that all in thee might know
Everlasting life below.

Now thy mercy's wings expand,
Stretch throughout the happy land ;
Take possession of thy home,
Come, divine Immanuel, come.

HYMN CLXXXIII. *Rejoicing in Hope.*

CHILDREN of the heav'ly King,
As ye journey, sweetly sing ;
Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in his works and ways.

We are trav'lling home to God,
In the way the fathers trod ;
They are happy now, and we
Soon their happiness shall see.

O ye banish'd seed be glad ;
Christ your Advocate is made !
Us to save our flesh assumes,
Brother to our souls becomes !

Shout, ye little flock and bless,
Ye on Jesu's throne shall rest :

There your seat is now prepar'd,
There your kingdom and reward.

Fear not, brethren, joyful stand
On the borders of your land :
Jesus Christ, your Father's Son,
Bids you undismay'd go on.

Lord, obediently we go,
Gladly leaving all below !
Only thou our leader be,
And we still will follow thee.

HYMN CLXXIV.

Breathing after Holiness.

LOVE divine, all loves excelling,
Joy of heav'n to earth come down ;
Fix in us thy humble dwelling,
All thy faithful mercies crown.

Jesus, thou art all compassion ;
Pure unbounded love thou art :
Visit us with thy salvation,
Enter ev'ry trembling heart.

Breathe, O breathe thy loving spirit
Into ev'ry troubled breast,
Let us all in thee inherit,
Let us find thy promis'd rest ;
Take away the love of sinning,
Alpha and Omega be,
End of faith as its beginning,
Set our hearts at liberty.

Come, almighty to deliver,
 Let us all thy life receive ;
 Suddenly return, and never,
 Never more thy temples leave ;
 Thee we would be always blessing,
 Serve thee as thy hosts above ;
 Pray and praise thee without ceasing,
 Glory in thy precious love.
 Finish then thy new creation,
 Pure, unspotted may we be ;
 Let us see thy great salvation
 Perfectly restor'd by thee !
 Change from glory into glory,
 Till in heav'n we take our place ;
 Till we cast our crowns before thee,
 Lost in wonder, love, and praise !

HYMN CLXXV. *The Christian Soldier.*

SOUDIERS of Christ arise,
 And put your armour on :
 Strong in the strength which God supplies,
 Through his eternal Son ;
 Strong in the Lord of hosts,
 And in his mighty pow'r :
 Who in the strength of Jesus trusts
 Is more than conqueror.
 Stand then in his great might,
 With all his strength endu'd ;
 And take, to arm you for the fight,
 The panoply of God :

That having all things done,
 And all your conflicts past,
You may o'ercome through Christ alone,
 And stand complete at last.

Jesus hath died for you ;
 What can his love withstand ?
Believe, hold fast your shield, and who
 Shall pluck you from his hand ?

Believe that Jesus reigns ;
 All pow'r to him is giv'n ;
Believe, till, freed from Nature's chains,
 You're call'd from hence to heav'n.

Your Rock can never shake ;
 Hither, be faith, come up ;
The helmet of salvation take,
 The confidence of hope :

Hope for his perfect love,
 Hope for his promis'd rest,
Hope to sit down with Christ above,
 And share the marriage feast.

In fellowship alone,
 To God with faith draw near ;
Approach his courts, besiege his throne,
 With all the pow'r of prayer ;
 Go to his temple, go,
 Nor from his altar move :
Let every house his worship know,
 And ev'ry heart his love.

From strength to strength go on,
 Wrestle, and fight, and pray,
 Tread all the pow'rs of darkness down,
 And win the well-fought day ;
 Still let the Spirit cry
 In all his soldiers, "Come ;"
 Till Christ the Lord descends from high,
 And takes the conq'rors home.

HYMN CLXXVI. Panting after God.

THOU hidden love of God, whose height,
 Whose depth unfathom'd no man knows,
 I see from far thy beauteous light,
 Only I sigh for thy repose ;
 My heart is pain'd, nor can it be
 At rest, till it find rest in thee.

Is there a thing beneath the sun
 That strives with thee my heart to share ?
 Ah tear it thence, and reign alone,
 The Lord of ev'ry motion there ;
 Then shall my heart from earth be free,
 When it has found repose in thee.

O hide this self from me, that I
 No more, but Christ in me may live ;
 My vile affections crucify,
 Nor let one darling lust survive ;
 In all things nothing may I see,
 Nothing desire, or seek, but thee.

Now resplendent shine his nail-prints,
 Ev'ry eye shall see his wounds ;
 They who pierc'd him, they, &c.
 Shall at his appearing wail.

Every island, sea, and mountain,
 Heav'n and earth shall flee away ;
 All who hate him must, ashamed,
 Hear the trump proclaim the day ;
 Come to judgment, come, &c.
 Stand before the Son of Man.

Saints, who love him, view his glory,
 Shining in his marred face ;
 His dear person on the rainbow,
 Now his people's head shall raise :
 Happy mourners ! happy, &c.
 Lo, in clouds he comes, he comes.

Now redemption long expected,
 See in solemn pomp appear ;
 All his people, once despised,
 Now shall meet him in the air :
 Hallelujah ! Hallelujah ! Hallelujah !
 Now the promis'd kingdom's come.

View him smiling, now determin'd
 Every evil to destroy :
 All the nations now shall sing him
 Songs of everlasting joy :
 O come quickly ! O come quickly ! &c.
 Hallelujah ! come, Lord, come.

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HYMN CLXXIX.

Christ our great High Priest.

A GOOD High Priest is come,
Supplying Aaron's place,
And taking up his room,
Dispensing life and grace;
The law by Aaron's priesthood came,
But grace and truth by Jesu's name.

My Lord a priest is made,
As fware the mighty God,
To Isr'el and his seed,
Ordain'd to offer blood:
For sinners who his mercy seek,
A Priest, as was Melchisedec.

He once temptations knew,
Of ev'ry sort and kind;
That he might succour shew
To ev'ry tempted mind;
In ev'ry point the Lamb was tried
Like us, and then for us he died.

He dies, but lives again,
And by the altar stands,
There shows how he was slain,
And op'ning his pierc'd hands,
He 'bides a Priest, and pleads our cause,
Transgressors of his righteous laws.

I other priests disclaim,
And laws and off'rings too;

None but the bleeding Lamb.
 The mighty work could do ;
 He shall have all the praise, for he
 Alone me lov'd, and died for me.

HYMN CLXXX.

At the Death of a Believer.

WHY do we mourn departing friends,
 Or shake at death's alarms ?
 'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends
 To call them to his arms.

Are we not tending upwards too,
 As fast as time can move ?
 Why should we wish the hours more slow
 That keep us from our love ?

Why should we tremble to convey
 Their bodies to the tomb ?
 There the dear flesh of Jesus lay,
 And left a sweet perfume.

The graves of all his saints he blest,
 And soften'd ev'ry bed ;
 Where should the dying members rest,
 But with their dying Head ?

Thence he arose, ascending high,
 And shew'd our feet the way ;
 Up to the Lord our flesh shall fly,
 At the great rising day.

HYMN CLXXXI. *Funeral.*

TEACH me the measure of my days,
 Thou Maker of my frame ;
 I would survey life's narrow space,
 And learn how frail I am.

A span is all that we can boast,
 An inch or two of time :
 Man is but vanity and dust,
 In all his flow'r and prime.

See the vain race of mortals move
 Like shadows o'er the plain ;
 They rage and strive, desire and love,
 But all their noise is vain.

Some walk in honour's gaudy show,
 Some dig for golden ore :
 They toil for heirs, they know not who,
 And straight are seen no more.

We are but strangers here below,
 As all our fathers were ;
 May we be well prepar'd to go,
 When we the summons hear.

HYMN CLXXXII. *The Same.*

MY soul, come meditate the day,
 And think how near it stands,
 When thou must quit this house of clay,
 And fly to unknown lands.
 Oh could we die with those that die,
 And place us in their stead,

Then would our spirits learn to fly,
 And converse with the dead.
 Then should we see the saints above,
 In their own glorious forms ;
 And wonder why our souls should love
 To dwell with mortal worms.

HYMN CLXXXIII.

A Funeral Hymn for a Believer.

'T IS finish'd ! 't is done !
 The spirit is fled,
 The pris'ner is gone :
 The Christian is dead :
 The Christian is living
 In Jesus his love,
 And gladly receiving
 A kingdom above.

All honour and praise
 Are Jesus's due ;
 Supported by grace,
 He fought his way through ;
 Triumphanty glorious,
 Through Jesus's zeal,
 And more than victorious
 O'er sin, death, and hell.

Then let us record
 The conquering name ;
 Our Captain and Lord
 With shoutings proclaim ;

Who trust in his passion,
And follow our Head,
To certain salvation
We all shall be led.

O Jesus, lead on
Thy militant care,
And give us the crown
Of righteousness there:
Where, dazzled with glory,
The seraphim gaze;
Or prostrate adore thee
In silence of praise.

Come, Lord, and display
Thy sign in the sky,
And bear us away
To mansions on high:
The kingdom be giv'n,
The purchase divine,
And crown us in heav'n,
Eternally thine.

HYMN CLXXXIV. *The Same.*

HOSANNA to Jesus on high!
Another has enter'd his rest,
Another is 'scap'd to the sky,
And lodg'd in Immanuel's breast;
The soul of our sister is gone
To heighten the triumph above;
Exalted to Jesus's throne,
And clasp'd in the arms of his love.

How happy the angels that fall
 Transported at Jesus's name !
 The saints whom he soonest shall call
 To share in the feast of the Lamb !
 No longer imprison'd in clay,
 Who next from his dungeon shall fly ?
 Who first shall be sumnon'd away ?
 My merciful God—Is it I ?
 O Jesus ! if this be thy will,
 That suddenly I should depart,
 Thy counsel of mercy reveal,
 And whisper the call to my heart ;
 O give me a signal to know,
 If soon thou wouldest have me remove ;
 And leave the dull body below,
 And fly to the regions of love !

HYMN CLXXXV. *The Same.*

THANKS be to God, whose faithful love
 Hath call'd another to his breast :
 Translated him to joys above,
 To mansions of eternal rest !
 By ministering spirits convey'd,
 Lodg'd in the garner of the sky,
 He rests ; in Abraham's bosom laid,
 He lives with God, no more to die.
 O that we all may thus break through,
 The crown with holy vi'lence seize ;
 The starry crown to conquest due,
 The crown of life and righteousness.

Will not the righteous Judge bestow
 The prize on all who seek him here;
 And long, while sojourning below,
 To see their much-lov'd Lord appear?

He will (our hearts cry out), he will
 These eager wishes more than meet,
 These infinite desires fulfil,
 And make our happiness complete.

O what a soul-o'erpow'ring thought!
 'Tis ecstacy too great to bear:
 We all at once shall be up caught,
 And meet our Jesus in the air!

HYMN CXCVIII. *The Same.*

A H, lovely appearance of death!
 No sight upon earth is so fair,
 Not all the gay pageants that breathe
 Can with a dead body compare.

With solemn delight I survey
 The corpse when the spirit is fled,
 In love with the beautiful clay,
 And longing to lie in his stead.

How blest is our brother bereft
 Of all that could burden his mind;
 How easy the soul that hath left
 This wearisome body behind!

Of evil incapable thou,
 Whose relics with envy I see :
 No longer in misery now,
 No longer a sinner like me.

This earth is affected no more
 With sickness, or shaken with pain ;
 The war in the members is o'er,
 And never shall vex him again ;

No anger henceforward, or shame,
 Shall redden this innocent clay :
 Extinct is the animal flame,
 And passion is vanish'd away.

This languishing head is at rest,
 Its thinking and aching are o'er ;
 This quiet impmoveable breast
 Is heav'd by affliction no more :

This heart is no longer the seat
 Of trouble and torturing pain ;
 It ceases to flutter and beat,
 It never shall flutter again.

The lids he so seldom could close,
 By sorrow forbidden to sleep,
 Seal'd up in the sweetest repose,
 Have strangely forgotten to weep :

The fountains can yield no supplies,
 These hollows from waters are free,
 The tears are all wip'd from these eyes,
 And evil they never shall see !

To mourn and to suffer is mine,
 While bound in a prison I breathe,
 And still for deliverance pine,
 And press to the issues of death :
 What now with my tears I bedew,
 O might I this moment become ;
 My spirit created anew,
 My flesh be consign'd to the tomb !

HYMN CXCIX. *The Same.*

JESUS, come, our dearest Jesus,
 Save us from the world beneath ;
 From a life of pain release us,
 From a life of daily death ;
 Listen to the ceaseless moaning
 Of thy plaintive turtle-dove ;
 Answer, Lord, the spirit's groaning,
 Take us to our church above.
 Many saints are gone before us—
 To the mansion of the grave ;
 Jesus, come ! to life restore us,
 Us from all our trouble save ;
 Us, in infinite compassion,
 To our happier friends unite ;
 Raise us to our highest station,
 Rank us with thy saints in light.
 Still we bear about thy dying,
 In our feeble bodies here,

Languishing for thee, and crying,
Light of Life, in us appear.

Take us to thy kind embraces,
To thy heav'nly banquet lead ;
Wipe the sorrow from our faces,
Set the crown upon our head.

HYMN CC. *Christ's Nativity.*

ALL glory to God, and peace upon earth,
Be publish'd abroad, at Jesus's birth ;
The forfeited favour of Heaven we find
Restor'd in the Saviour and friend of man-kind.

Then let us behold Messiah the Lord,
By prophets foretold, by angels ador'd ;
Our God's incarnation with angels proclaim,
And publish salvation in Jesus's name.

Our newly-born King by faith we have seen,
And joyfully sing his goodness to men ;
That all men may wonder at what we impart,
And thankfully ponder his love in their heart.

What mov'd the Most High so greatly to
Stoop ?

He comes from the sky our souls to lift up ;
That sinners forgiven, might happy return
To God and to heav'n—their Maker is born.

Immanuel's love let sinners confess,
Who comes from above, to bring us his peace ;

Let ev'ry believer his mercy adore,
And praise him for ever, when time is no
more.

HYMN CCI. *The Same.*

A WAY with our fears!
The Godhead appears,
In Christ reconcil'd,
The Father of mercies, in Jesus the child.

He comes from above,
In manifest love;
The desire of our eyes,
The meek Lamb of God in a manger he lies.

At Immanuel's birth,
What a triumph on earth!
Yet could it afford
No better a place for its heavenly Lord?

The Ancient of Days,
To redeem a lost race,
From his glory comes down,
Self-humbled, to carry us up to a crown.

Made flesh for our sake,
That we might partake
The nature divine,
And again in his image his holiness shine:

An heavenly birth
Experience on earth,

And rise to his throne,
And live with our Jesus eternally one.

Then let us believe,
And gladly receive
The tidings they bring,
Who publish to sinners their Saviour and King.

And while we are here
Our King shall appear,
His spirit impart,
And form his full image of love in our heart.

HYMN CCII. *The Same.*

COME, thou long-expected Jesus,
Born to set thy people free;
From our fears and sins release us,
Let us find our rest in thee:

Israel's strength and consolation,
Hope of all the earth thou art;
Dear desire of ev'ry nation,
Joy of ev'ry longing heart.

Born thy people to deliver,
Born a child and yet a king,
Born to reign in us for ever,
Now thy gracious kingdom bring;

By thine own eternal Spirit,
Rule in all our hearts alone;

By thine all-sufficient merit,
Raise us to thy glorious throne.

HYMN CCIII. *The Same.*

LE^T angels and archangels sing
The wonderful Immanuel's name;
Adore with us our new-born King,
And still the joyful news proclaim;
All earth and heav'n be ever join'd
To praise the Saviour of mankind.

The everlasting God comes down,
To sojourn with the sons of men;
Without his majesty or crown,
The great Invisible is seen;
Of all his dazzling glories shorn,
The everlasting God is born.

Angels, behold that infant's face,
With rapt'rous awe the Godhead own;
'T is all your heav'n on him to gaze,
And cast your crowns before his throne:
Though now he on his footstool lies,
Ye know he built both earth and skies.

By him into existence brought,
Ye sang the all-creating Word:
Ye heard him call our world from nought:
Again in honour of our Lord,
Ye morning stars, your hymns employ,
And shout, ye sons of God, for joy.

HYMN CCIV. *Christ's Incarnation.*

ALL-WISE, all-good, almighty Lord,
Jesus, by highest heav'n ador'd,
Ere time its course began ;
How did thy glorious mercy stoop
To take the fallen nature up,
When thou thyself wert man !

Th' eternal God from heav'n came down,
The King of Glory left his crown,
And veil'd his majesty :
Emptied of all but love, he came :
Jesus, I call thee by the name
Thy pity bore for me.

O holy Child, still let thy birth
Bring peace to us poor worms of earth,
And praise to God on high ;
Come, thou who didst my flesh assume,
Now to the abject sinner come,
And in a manger lie.

Didst thou not in thy person join
The natures human and divine,
That God and men might be
Henceforth inseparably one ?
Haste thou, and make thy nature known,
Incarnated in me.

In my weak sinful flesh appear ;
O God, be manifested here,
Peace, righteousness, and joy :

Thy kingdom, Lord, set up within
 My waiting heart, and all my sin,
 The devil's works, destroy.

HYMN CCV. *Admiring Christ's Love.*

YE children of my God,
 Ye dear peculiar race,
 Who're wash'd in Jesu's blood,
 And sav'd through faith by grace,
 Attend, and join to tell his fame,
 Whom John the Baptist call'd the Lamb.
 From all eternity,
 He lov'd the sinner's train ;
 His love him forc'd to die,
 Compell'd him to be slain
 For us, and in our stead n. stood,
 With all his garments roll'd in vlood.
 His heart he set on us,
 When we were enemies ;
 And on th' accursed cross,
 Amidst his tears and cries,
 He pray'd for us, who us'd him so,
 Father, they know not what they do !
 He thought upon us when
 The blood ran from his heart,
 In all his grief and pain,
 In all his chiefest smart :
 Though we it caus'd, he all forgave ;
 And bare it, that he might us save.

Still he remains the same,
 His foes he loves, and cries,
 Believe ye in my name,
 Lift up, ye lost, your eyes;
 Behold me, and ye yet shall live,
 I freely will salvation give.

HYMN CCVI.

O COME, let us join,
 In music divine,
 The Saviour to laud,
 'T is meet, and fit,
 It is charming and perfectly sweet,
 The Saviour to praise, our Lord and our God.
 'T is a pleasure to sing
 Of a crucified King,
 With courage and flame;
 The angels that love us,
 And seraphs above us,
 Do always the same.
 Hark ! hark ! how they shout
 All heaven throughout
 In sounding his name.
 Come, all that are here,
 Your thanksgivings rear,
 To Jesus your chief;
 'T is good we should,
 It is lovely and better than food,
 It raises our joy, and banishes grief;

Then in him we'll rejoice,
 Up to him lift our voice,
 And spirit within;
 Who lov'd us so greatly,
 To wash us completely
 From guilt and from sin.
 Hark ! hark ! how they shout,
 All heaven throughout,
 A Jesus divine !

He's worthy, they cry,
 The Lamb that did die;
 So warbles their tongue,
 Let us do thus,
 It is comely his praise to discuss,
 A theme ever proper by us to be sung;
 'T is our duty and gain,
 And it shan't be in vain,
 His praise to repeat,
 Who pardon dispenses
 For all our offences,
 Though ever so great.
 Hark ! hark ! how they shout,
 All heaven throughout,
 A Saviour complete !

All glory to him
 Who souls does redeem,
 From converse unfit;
 Agree do we,

It will ever becoming us be
Hosanna to Jesus with joy to transmit,

To God's dear belov'd Son

Be all praise and renown,

Dominion and might,

Who sinners embraces,

And fills them with graces,

To do what is right.

Hark ! hark ! how they shout,

All heaven throughout,

The Morning-star bright.

Come, sing him once more,

(We may not give o'er,) .

For sinners who pleads,

Beguil'd, defil'd ;

And to bring them to God reconcil'd,
He still intercedes, and always succeeds :

This dear Saviour of men

Let us sing once again,

Who purges his own,

And makes them all glorious,

And more than victorious,

Then gives them a crown.

Hark ! hark ! how they shout,

All heaven throughout,

The Lamb on the throne.

To Father, and Son,

And Dove, Three in One,

Be glory and praise,

By us, and those

Who in glorious celestial repose
 Do ceaseless their songs of thanksgiving raise,
 May the Three One be sung
 By each cherubin-tongue ;
 Let no tongue be mute—
 Join, beings celestial,
 And beings terrestrial,
 The great and minute,
 Join all in one choir,
 The Dove, Son, and Sire,
 With praise to salute.

HYMN CLXXXVI. *Praise to Christ.*

OFFSPRING of David, David's root,
 Thou Jesse's stem, and Jesse's fruit,
 To thee propitious, thee our King,
 The tribute of our hearts we bring.

While all thy mercies we enjoy,
 Hymns shall our grateful lips employ ;
 Beneath the shadow of thy wing
 We'd gladly wait, and love, and sing.

Haften the time when we shall shine,
 With angels and archangels join,
 With righteous spirits gone before,
 For ever thy sweet name t' adore.

With them our ravish'd souls would rest,
 And share with them thy marriage feast ;

Among their number, in their lays,
 We'd pant to join; and thirst to praise,
 And while our souls are thus denied,
 Lest we should fall, or turn aside,
 Jesus, our kind protection prove,
 And love us with eternal love.

HYMN CLXXXVII. *Morning,*

RISE, my soul, adore thy Maker;
 Angels praise, join thy lays,
 With them be partaker.

Father, Lord of every spirit,
 In thy light lead me right,
 Through my Saviour's merit.

Never cast me from thy presence,
 Till my soul shall be full
 Of thy blessed essence.

O my Jesus, God Almighty,
 Pray for me, till I see
 Thee in Salem's city.

Holy Ghost, by Jesus given,
 Be my guide, lest my pride
 Shut me out of heaven.

Thou this night wast my protector,
 With me stay all the day,
 Ever my director.

Holy, holy, holy Giver
 Of all good, life and food,
 Reign ador'd for ever!

Grace before Meat.

BE present at our table, Lord,
Be here, and ev'ry where ador'd;
These creatures bleſſ, and grant that we
May feast in Paradise with thee.

After Meat.

WE thank thee, Lord, for this our food,
But more because of Jesu's blood;
Let manna to our souls be giv'n,
The bread of life sent down from heav'n.

HYMN CLXXXVIII. Evening.

ERE I sleep, for ev'ry favour,
This day show'd by my God,
I will bleſſ my Saviour.
O my Lord, what ſhall I render
To thy name, ſtill the ſame,
Gracious, good, and tender!
Leave me not, but ever love me;
Let thy peace be my bliſſ,
Till thou hence remove me.
Visit me with thy salvation;
Let thy care ſtill be near,
Round my habitation.
Thou my rock, my guard, my tower,
Safeſly keep, while I ſleep,
Me, with all thy pow'r.
So whene'er in death I ſlumber,
Let me riſe with the wiſe,
Counted in their number,

HYMN CLXXXIX. *Glorying in the Cross.*

WHEN I survey the wondrous cross
 On which the Prince of Glory died,
 My richest gain I count but loss,
 And pour contempt on all my pride.

Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
 Save in the death of Christ, my God :
 All the vain things that charm me most,
 I sacrifice them to his blood.

See from his head, his hands, his feet,
 Sorrow and love flow mingled down !
 Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
 Or thorns compose so rich a crown ?

Were the whole realm of nature mine,
 That were a present far too small :
 Love so amazing, so divine,
 Demands my soul, my life, my all.

HYMN CXC. *After Sermon.*

OJESU, our Lord, thy name be ador'd,
 For all the rich blessings convey'd thro'
 thy word.

In spirit we trace thy wonders of grace,
 And cheerfully join in a concert of praise.

The Ancient of Days his glory displays,
 And shines on his chosen with cherishing rays.

The trumpet of God is sounding abroad
The language of mercy, salvation through
blood.

Thrice happy are they, who hear and obey,
And share in the blessings of this gospel-day.
The people who know the Saviour below,
With burning affection to worship him glow.
This blessing be mine, through favour divine;
But, O my Redeemer, the glory be thine.

HYMN CXCI.

JESU, show us thy salvation,
(In thy strength we strive with thee,)
By thy mystic incarnation,
By thy pure nativity.
Save us, thou our new Creator;
Into all our souls impart
Thy divine and holy nature,
Form thyself within our heart.
By thy first blood-shedding heal us,
Cut us off from ev'ry sin;
By thy circumcision seal us,
Write thy law of love within.
By thy spirit circumcise us,
Kindle in our hearts a flame;
By thy baptism now baptize us
Into all thy glorious name.
By thy fasting and temptation,
Mortify our vain desires;

Take away what sense, or passion,
 Appetite, or flesh requires;
 Arm us with thy self-denial,
 Ev'ry tempted soul defend;
 Save us in the fi'ry trial,
 Make us faithful to the end.

 By thy great and bitter passion,
 By thy suff'ring on the tree;
 Save us from the indignation
 Due to all mankind and me;
 Hanging, bleeding, panting, dying,
 Gasp'ing out thy latest breath;
 By thy precious death's applying,
 Saye us from eternal death.

 By the pomp of thine ascending,
 Live we here to heav'n restor'd,
 Live in pleasures never ending,
 Share the portion of our Lord;
 Let us have our conversation
 With the blessed spir'ts above;
 Sav'd with all thy great salvation,
 Perfectly renew'd in love.

HYMN CXCII. *Christ's Second Coming.*

HE comes! he comes! the Judge severe;
 The seventh trumpet speaks him near;
 The lightnings flash, the thunders roll,
 He's welcome to the faithful soul,
 Welcome, welcome, welcome, welcome,
 Welcome to the faithful soul.

From heav'n angelic voices sound,
 See th' almighty Jesus crown'd !
 Girt with omnipotence and grace,
 And glory decks the Saviour's face;
 Glory, &c. decks the Saviour's face.

Descending from his azure throne,
 He claims the kingdoms for his own ;
 The kingdoms all obey his word,
 And hail him their triumphant Lord,
 Hail him, &c. their triumphant Lord.

Shout all the people of the sky,
 And all the saints of the Most High ;
 Our God, who now his right obtains,
 For ever and for ever reigns,
 Ever, &c. and for ever reigns.

The Father bless, the Son adore,
 The Spirit praise for evermore ;
 Salvation's glorious work is done,
 We welcome thee, great Three in One,
 Welcome, &c. great Three in One.

HYMN CXCIH. *The Backslider.*

JESU, let thy pitying eye
 Call back a wand'ring sheep ;
 False to thee, like Peter, I
 Would fain like Peter weep ;
 Let me be by grace restor'd,
 On me be all long-suff'ring shown ;
 Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
 And break my heart of stone.

Saviour, Prince, enthron'd above,
 Repentance to impart,
 Give me, through thy dying love,
 The humble contrite heart :
 Give me, what I've long implor'd,
 The blessing of thy grief unknown ;
 Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
 And break my heart of stone.

See me, Saviour, from above,
 Nor suffer me to die ;
 Life, and happiness, and love,
 Drop from thy gracious eye ;
 Speak the reconciling word,
 And let thy mercy melt me down ;
 Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
 And break my heart of stone.

Look, as when thy grace beheld
 The harlot in distress,
 Dried her tears, her pardon seal'd,
 And bade her go in peace ;
 Foul like her, and self-abhor'd,
 I at thy feet for mercy groan :
 Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
 And break my heart of stone.

Look, as when, condemn'd for them,
 Thou didst thy foll'wers see,
 " Daughters of Jerusalem,
 " Weep for yourselves, not me."

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Am I by my God deplo'rd,
And shall I not myself bemoan?
Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.

Look as when thy piteous eye
Was clos'd, that we might live;
“Father,” (at the point to die,)
My Saviour gasp'd, “forgive!”
Surely with that dying word,
He turns and looks, and cries, “’T is done!”
O my bleeding, loving Lord,
This breaks my heart of stone.

HYMN CXCIV. *An Hymn to the Trinity,*

COME, thou almighty King,
Help us thy name to sing,
Help us to praise;
Father all-glorious,
O'er all victorious!
Come, and reign over us,
Ancient of Days.

Jesus, our Lord, arise,
Scatter our enemies,
And make them fall;
Let thine almighty aid
Our sure defence be made,
Our souls on thee be stay'd;
Lord, hear our call.

Come, thou incarnate Word,
 Gird on thy mighty sword,
 Our pray'r attend;
 Come, and thy people bless,
 And give thy word success:
 Spirit of holiness,
 On us descend.

Come, holy Comforter,
 Thy sacred witness bear,
 In this glad hour;
 Thou, who almighty art,
 Now rule in ev'ry heart,
 And ne'er from us depart,
 Spirit of pow'r.

To thee, great One in Three,
 Eternal praises be,
 Hence—evermore;
 His sov'reign Majesty
 May we in glory see,
 And to eternity
 Love and adore.

HYMN CXCV.

Christ the Believer's Refuge and Portion.

JESU, lover of my soul,
 Let me to thy bosom fly;
 While the nearer waters roll,
 While the tempest still is high;
 Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
 Till the storm of life is past;

Safe into the haven guide,
 O receive my soul at last.
 Other refuge have I none,
 Hangs my helpless soul on thee;
 Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
 Still support and comfort me:
 All my trust on thee is stay'd,
 All my help from thee I bring;
 Cover my defenceless head
 With the shadow of thy wing.
 Thou, O Christ, art all I want,
 Ev'ry good in thee I find;
 Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
 Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
 Just and holy is thy name,
 I am all unrighteousness;
 Vile, and full of sin I am,
 Thou art full of truth and grace;
 Plenteous grace with thee is found,
 Grace to pardon all my sin;
 Let the healing streams abound,
 Make and keep me pure within:
 Thou of life the fountain art,
 Freely let me take of thee;
 Spring thou up within my heart,
 Rise to all eternity.

HYMN CXCVI. *Desiring to praise worthily.*

COME, thou fount of ev'ry blessing,
 Tune my heart to sing thy grace;

Streams of mercy never ceasing,
 Call for songs of loudest praise;
 Teach me some melodious sonnet,
 Sung by flaming tongues above;
 Praise the mount—oh fix me on it,
 Mount of God's unchanging love !

Here I raise my Eben-Ezer,
 Hither by thine help I'm come;
 And I hope, by thy good pleasure,
 Safely to arrive at home;
 Jesus sought me when a stranger,
 Wand'ring from the fold of God;
 He, to rescue me from danger,
 Interpos'd with precious blood.

O to grace how great a debtor
 Daily I'm constrain'd to be!
 Let that grace now like a fetter
 Bind my wand'ring heart to thee;
 Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,
 Prone to leave the God I love—
 Here's my heart—O take and seal it!
 Seal it from thy courts above !

HYMN CXCVII.

Adoring free and sovereign Mercy.

O LORD, how great's the favour
 That we, such sinners poor,
 Can, through thy blood's sweet favour,
 Approach thy mercy's door;

And find an open passage
 Unto the throne of grace ;
 There wait the welcome message
 That bids us go in peace.

Lord, we are helpless creatures,
 Full of the deepest need ;
 Throughout defil'd by nature,
 Stupid, and inly dead :
 Our strength is perfect weakness,
 And all we have is sin,
 Our hearts are all uncleanness,
 A den of thieves within.

In this forlorn condition,
 Who shall afford us aid ?
 Where shall we find compassion,
 But in the church's Head ?
 Jesus, thou art all pity,
 O take us to thine arms ;
 And exercise thy mercy,
 To save us from all harms.

We'll never cease repeating
 Our numberless complaints,
 But ever be entreating
 The glorious King of Saints ;
 Till we attain the image
 Of him we inly love ;
 And pay our grateful homage
 With all the saints above.

Then we, with all in glory,
 Shall thankfully relate
 Th' amazing, pleasing story
 Of Jesu's love so great !
 In this blest contemplation
 We shall for ever dwell ;
 And prove such consolation
 As none below can tell.

HYMN CCVII. *Leaning on the Beloved.*

MY most indulgent Saviour,
 I long thy love to find,
 To triumph in thy favour,
 And know thy Spirit's mind ;
 This grace to me be giv'n,
 I nothing more request ;
 I ask not other heav'n
 Than leaning on thy breast.
 The place of John I covet,
 More than a seraph's throne ;
 To rest in my Beloved,
 And breathe my final groan :
 On thee alone relying,
 To lose my sin and pain,
 And on thy bosom dying,
 My life eternal gain.
 Then I, with all in glory,
 Shall thankfully relate
 Th' amazing, pleasing story
 Of Jesu's love so great :

In this blest contemplation
May I for ever dwell,
And share such consolation
As none below can tell.

HYMN CCVIII. *Gratitude.*

WHAT shall we render unto thee,
Thou glorious Lord of life and pow'r?
Teach us to bow the humble knee,
Teach us with thankfulness t' adore;
To praise thee as thy saints above,
To praise thee for thy wondrous love.

When like lost sheep we wander'd wide,
And left the watchful shepherd's eye,
When borne along th' impetuous tide
Of this world's sin and vanity,
Then Jesus from the heav'ns came down,
To save us by his grace alone.

He bore our sins upon the tree,
To seek and save the lost he came;
There was he bound to set us free
From death and everlasting shame;
The captive flock from hell was freed,
And ransom'd when their Shepherd bled.

Before the Father's awful throne
Our merciful High-Priest he stands;
And, interceding for his own,
The purchas'd remnant now demands;
His people's everlasting Friend,
Who loving—loves them to the end!

'T is there with the lambs of thy flock,
 There only we'd covet to rest ;
 To lie at the foot of the Rock,
 Or rise to be hid in thy breast ;
 'T is there we would always abide,
 And never a moment depart ;
 Conceal'd in the cleft of thy side,
 Eternally held in thy heart.

HYMN CCXL.

Giving up the Heart to the Lord.

TAKE my poor heart just as it is ;
 Set up therein thy throne ;
 So shall I love thee above all,
 And live to thee alone.

Complete thy work, and crown thy grace,
 That I may faithful prove ;
 And listen to that small still voice,
 Which only whispers love :

Which teaches me what is thy will,
 And tells me what to do ;
 Which covers me with shame, when I
 Do not thy will pursue.

This unction may I ever feel,
 This teaching from my Lord ;
 And learn obedience to thy voice,
 Thy soul-reviving word.

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HYMN CCXII.

Praising the Glory of the Grace of God.

GRACE, how exceeding sweet to those,
Who feel they sinners are ;
Sunk and distrest, they taste and know
Their heav'n is only there !

Thus Grace, free Grace most sweetly calls,
“ Directly come who will,
“ Just as you are, for Christ receives
“ Poor helpless sinners still !”

We thirst, O Lord ! give us each day
To taste more of this Grace ;
More of that stream which from the rock
Flow'd through the wilderness.

Where'er eternal life is giv'n,
This thirst the same will be ;
The heart will after Jesus pant
To all eternity.

'T is Grace alone that feeds our souls,
Grace keeps us only poor ;
And, oh that nothing else but Grace
May rule for evermore !

HYMN CCXIII.

Infinitely condescending Love.

LOVE brought down God's dear only Son,
Into a virgin's womb ;
Love nail'd him to th' accursed tree,
And laid him in a tomb,

Through ev'ry action suff'ring too,
 The law of kindness reign'd ;
 Love op'd those ghastly wounds, through
 which
 His precious life was drain'd.

Love took him to his Father's throne,
 There to prepare us room :
 And love will bring him down again,
 To fetch us to his home.

HYMN CCXIV.

SON of God, thy blessing grant,
 Still supply our ev'ry want ;
 Tree of life, thine influence shed,
 With thy sap our spirits feed.

Tend'rest branch, alas, am I,
 Wither, without thee, and die :
 Weak as helpless infancy—
 O confirm our souls in thee.

Unsustain'd by thee, we fall,
 Send the strength for which we call ;
 Weaker than a bruised reed,
 Help we ev'ry moment need.

All our hopes on thee depend,
 Love us, save us to the end,
 Give us the continuing grace—
 Take the everlasting praise.

HYMN CCXV.

Christ the Believer's Refuge.

IN ev'ry trouble, sharp and strong,
My soul to Jesus flies ;
My anchor-hold is firm in him,
When swelling billows rise :
His comforts bear my spirits up,
I trust a faithful God ;
The sure foundation of my hope
Is in a Saviour's blood.
Loud hallelujahs sing, my soul,
To thy Redeemer's name :
In joy, in sorrow, life and death,
His love is still the same.

HYMN CCXVI. *Heaven on Earth.*

COME let us ascend,
My companion and friend,
To taste of the banquet above ;
If thine heart be as mine,
If for Jesus it pine,
Come up into the chariot of love,
Who in Jesus confide,
They are bold to outride
The storms of affliction beneath ;
With the prophet they soar
To that heav'nly shore,
And outfly all the arrows of death,
By faith we are come
To our permanent home,

By hope we the rapture improve;
 By love we still rise,
 And look down on the skies,
For the heaven of heavens is love!

Who on earth can conceive
 How happy we live,
In the city of God the great King !
 What a concert of praise,
 When our Jesus's grace
The whole heavenly company sing !

What a rapturous song,
 When the glorified throng
In the spirit of harmony join !
 Join all the glad choirs,
 Hearts, voices, and lyres,
And the burden is mercy divine !

Hallelujah they cry,
 To the King of the sky,
To the great everlasting I AM !
 To the Lamb that was slain,
 And liveth again,
Hallelujah to God and the Lamb !

HYMN CCXVII. *Before Sacrament.*

FAIITHFUL Bridegroom, holy Lamb,
 By thy church beloved,
 Manifest thy sweetest name,
 To each heart approved.

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Crown this ordinance of thine
With a solemn blessing ;
Let our feast be all divine,
Each thyself possessing.

Let thy flesh afford us food,
Ev'ry grace to strengthen ;
Let our drink be Jesu's blood,
Nature's pow'r to weaken,

Cause that bleeding Sacrifice,
Once for sinners given,
To appear before our eyes,
Earnest of our heaven.

We partake the bread and wine,
Seals of our profession ;
Of the inward grace the sign,
Symbols of thy passion.

We commemorate thy death,
While we are receiving !
Feeding in our hearts by faith,
With unfeign'd thanksgiving.

May we thus our time employ,
While below we tarry ;
Till our souls t' unfading joy
Angels come to carry.

HYMN CCXVIII. *After Sacrament.*

L ORD, accept our feeble praise,
For the banquet given ;

**Though unworthy, we would raise
Hearts and hands to heaven.**

**Of the streams of grace divine
We have now been tasting ;
On the bread, and mystic wine,
With rich comfort feasting.**

**Meat indeed thy flesh we find,
Drink thy blood so precious ;
Jesus, Saviour, thou art kind,
Merciful and gracious,**

**On our guilty souls thy rod
Falls with gentle chidings ;
And thou healest with thy blood
All our great backslidings.**

**May we to thy bleeding cross
Soul and body hasten ;
All for Jesus count but loss,
To his coming hasten.**

**Take our hearts, so often blest,
Yet so oft rebelling,
Let them on thy bosom rest,
In thy wounds be dwelling.**

**Now, O Lord, that we have fed
On thy body broken,
Bruise within the serpent's head,
Of thy love the token.**

None from trials are below
 Totally exempted ;
 All-sufficient grace bestow,
 Succour, Lord, the tempted.
 Guard us from the tempter's wiles,
 From the sin of Judas ;
 From the world's deceitful smiles,
 Till to heav'n thou lead us.

HYMN CCXIX.

Ascribing all Glory to God for every Mercy.

GLORY to our gracious Donor,
 For his mercies ever new ;
 His alone be all the honour,
 Nothing we confess our due :
 O the ceaseless mercies flowing
 From thy grace's boundless store !
 May our thankful hearts be glowing
 With thy love still more and more.
 Thy kind hand hath oft afforded
 To our wants a rich supply ;
 We are ev'ry day supported
 By thy providential eye.
 May we, Lord, as some requital
 Thankful hearts to Jesus raise ;
 In his wondrous love's recital
 Consecrate to him our days.
 Thou an hunger hast created
 In our hearts for living bread ;

May it never be abated,
 Till our precious souls are fed !
 Open, Lord, the ark where hidden
 Jesus our true manna lies :—
 Are not hungry spirits bidden
 To that feast of paradise ?

O thou Friend of sinners, pity
 Thirsty travellers who go
 To an unseen distant city,
 Through a parched vale below ;
 O supply each fainting spirit
 With the streams of purest love ;
 Till our Canaan we inherit,
 In thy fulness lost above.

HYMN CCXX. *For Easter Day.*

HE dies ! the Friend of sinners dies !
 Lo, Salem's daughters weep around !
 A solemn darkness veils the skies !
 A sudden trembling shakes the ground !
 Come, saints, and drop a tear or two,
 For him who groan'd beneath your load ;
 He shed a thousand drops for you,
 A thousand drops of richest blood.

Here's love and grief beyond degree,
 The Lord of glory dies for men !
 But, lo ! what sudden joys we see !
 Jesus the dead revives again !

The rising God forsakes the tomb !
 The tomb in vain forbids his rise !
 Cherubic legions guard him home,
 And shout him welcome to the skies !
 Break off your tears, ye saints ! and tell
 How high our great Deliv'rer reigns !
 Sing how he spoil'd the hosts of hell,
 And led the monster Death in chains !
 Say, " Live for ever, wondrous King !
 " Born to redeem, and strong to save :"
 Then ask the monster—" Where's thy sting ?
 "And where's thy vict'ry, boasting grave ?"

HYMN CCXXI.

The Efficacy of the precious Blood of Jesus.

IS there a thing that moves and breaks
 A heart as hard as stone,
 Or warms a heart as cold as ice,
 'T is Jesu's blood alone :
 One drop of this can truly cheer,
 And heal the wounded soul ;
 What multitudes of broken hearts
 This living stream makes whole !
 Hark, O my soul ! what sing the choirs
 Around the glorious throne !
 Hark, the slain Lamb for evermore
 Sounds in the sweetest tone :
 The elders there cast down their crowns,
 And all, both night and day,

Sing praise to him who shed his blood,
 And wash'd their guilt away;
 And this, while here, will we proclaim,
 Cheerful in our degree,
 That through the blood of God's dear Lamb
 Sinners may pardon'd be :
 But thou, O Lord, make ev'ry day
 Thy grace to us more sweet ;
 Till we behold thy wounded side,
 And worship at thy feet.

HYMN CCXXII. *The Year of Jubilee.*

BLOW ye the trumpet, blow
 The gladly solemn sound ;
 Let all the nations know,
 To earth's remotest bound,
 The year of jubilee is come ;
 Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.
 The Gospel trumpet hear,
 The news of heav'nly grace ;
 Ye happy souls, draw near,
 Behold your Saviour's face :
 The year of jubilee is come,
 Return to your eternal home.
 Jesus, our great High-Priest,
 Hath full atonement made ;
 Ye weary spirits rest,
 Ye mourning souls be glad ;

The year of jubilee is come ;
 Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.
Extol the Lamb of God,
 The all-atoning Lamb ;
 Redemption in his blood
 Throughout the world proclaim ;
 The year of jubilee is come,
 Return to your eternal home.

HYMN CCXXIII.

They shall look on me whom they have pierced,
and mourn. Zechariah, xii. 10.

LADEN with guilt, sinners, arise,
 And view your bleeding Sacrifice ;
 Each purple drop proclaims there's room,
 And bids the poor and needy come.

Beneath your crimes the Victim stood,
 Sign'd your acquittance with his blood ;
 Hereby stern justice is appeas'd ;
 Sinners, look up, and be releas'd.

Mercy, truth, peace, and righteousness,
 Beam from the Reconciler's face ;
 Here look till love dissolve your heart,
 And bid your slavish fears depart.

O quit the world's delusive charms,
 And quickly fly to Jesu's arms ;
 Wrestle until your God be known,
 Till you can call the Lord your own.

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HYMN CCXXIV. Psalm C.

BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations, bow with sacred joy !
Know that the Lord is God alone,
He can create, and he destroy.

His sov'reign pow'r, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and form'd us men ;
And when like wand'ring sheep we stray'd,
He brought us to his fold again.

We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heav'ns our voices raise ;
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.

Wide as the world is thy command,
Vast as eternity thy love !
Firm as a rock thy truth must stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move !

HYMN CCXXV.

Isaiah, lv. 1, &c.

HO, ev'ry one that thirsts, draw nigh,
('T is God invites the fallen race ;)
Mercy and free salvation buy,
Buy wine, and milk, and Gospel grace.
Come to the living waters, come,
Sinners, obey your Maker's call !
Return, ye weary wand'lers, home,
And find my grace reach'd out to all.

See from the rock a fountain rise,
 For you in healing streams it rolls :
 Money we need not bring, nor price,
 Ye lab'ring, burden'd, sin-sick souls.

Nothing ye in exchachte shall give,
 Leave all ye have, and are, behind :
 Frankly the gift of God receive,
 Pardon and peace in Jesus find.

HYMN CCXXVI.

A Prospect of Heaven makes Death easy.

THERE is a land of pure delight,
 Where saints immortal reign :
 Infinite day excludes the night,
 And pleasures banish pain.

There everlasting spring abides,
 And never-with'ring flow'rs :
 Death, like a narrow sea, divides
 This heav'ly land from ours.

Sweet fields, beyond the swelling flood,
 Stand dress'd in living green :
 So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
 While Jordan roll'd between.

But tim'rous mortals start, and shrink,
 To cross this narrow sea ;
 And linger, liv'ring on the brink,
 Afraid to launch away.

Oh ! could we find our doubts remove,
 Those gloomy doubts that rise,
 And see the Canaan that we love,
 With unclouded eyes !
 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
 And view the landscape o'er,
 Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
 Should fright us from the shore.

HYMN CCXXVII.

The supposed Song of a Soul just entered Heaven.

WHY was unbelieving I,
 Trembling, so afraid to die ?
 Now my feet in safety stand
 Here within the promis'd land.

Hallelujah.

O what wondrous grace is here !
 Now I 'm safe from every fear ;
 Sin and doubts are ever gone,
 Sighing shall no more be known.

Henceforth neither grief, nor pain ;
 Here successive pleasures reign ;
 All things our hosanna raise,
 Oh, the glories of this place !

Oh, ye perfect happy ones,
 Let me try to join your tunes ;
 Come, let us exalt the Lamb,
 Singing ever to his name.

He our full redemption wrought,
He for us this glory bought :
From the earth he calls us home,
'To our Father's house we 're come.

Oft in Kedar's tents I tried,
When my God his face did hide,
With my friends to raise this song,
But it languish'd on my tongue.

Jesus now unveils his face ;
Here I shout of sov'reign grace ;
Fill'd with love incessant cry
To his praise in raptures high.

O my drooping friends below,
Did you half this glory know,
Daily would you stretch the wing,
Here to fly, and thus to sing. Hallelujah !

HYMN CCXXVIII. *Christ All in All.*

I 'VE found the pearl of greatest price,
My heart doth sing for joy ;
And sing I must, a Christ I have,
Oh what a Christ have I !

My Christ he is the Lord of lords,
He is the King of kings ;
He is the Sun of Righteousness,
With healing in his wings.

He is my meat, he is my drink,
My physic, and my health :

My peace, my strength, my joy, my crown,
My glory, and my wealth.

He is my father, and my friend,
My brother, and my love ;
My head, my hope, my counsellor,
My advocate above.

My Christ he is the heav'n of heav'ns,
My Christ what shall I call ?
He is my first, he is my last,
He is my All in All.

All glory to the God of love,
One God in persons Three ;
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One equal glory be.

HYMN CCXXIX. *The Same.*

MY God, my life, my love,
To thee, to thee I call ;
I cannot live if thou remove,
For thou art All in All.

Thy shining grace can cheer
This dungeon where I dwell ;
'T is paradise when thou art here,
If thou depart 't is hell.

The smilings of thy face,
How amiable they are !
'T is heav'n to rest in thine embrace,
And no where else but there.

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To thee, and thee alone,
The angels owe their bliss ;
They sit around thy gracious throne,
And dwell where Jesus is.

Not all the harps above
Can make a heav'nly place,
If God his residence remove,
Or but conceal his face.

Nor earth, nor all the sky,
Can one delight afford ;
No, not a drop of real joy,
Without thy presence, Lord.

Thou art the sea of love
Where all my pleasures roll ;
The circle where my passions move,
And centre of my foul.

To thee my spirit fly,
With infinite desire :
And yet how far from thee I lie !
Dear Jesus, raise me higher.

HYMN CCXXX.

Christ precious to a Believer.

JESUS, I love thy charming name,
'Tis music to my ear ;
Fain would I sound it out so loud,
That earth and heav'n might hear.

I 'll spend a long eternity,
In pleasure and in praise.

Millions of years my wond'ring eyes
Shall o'er thy beauties rove ;
And endless ages I 'll adore
The glories of thy love.

Sweet Jesus, ev'ry smile of thine
Shall fresh endearments bring ;
A thousand tastes of new delight
From all thy graces spring.

Haste, my beloved, fetch my soul
Up to thy blest abode ;
Fly, for my spirit longs to see
My Saviour, and my God.

HYMN CCXXXIII.

God our only Happiness.

MY God, my portion and my love,
My everlasting all ;
I 've none but thee in heav'n above,
Or on this earthly ball.

What empty things are all the skies,
And this inferior clod !
There 's nothing here deserves my joys,
There 's nothing like my God.

In vain the bright, the burning sun,
Scatters his feeble light ;

'T is thy sweet beams create my noon ;
If thou withdraw, 't is night.

And whilst upon my restless bed,
Amidst the shades I roll,
If my Redeemer shows his head,
'T is morning with my soul.

To thee I owe my wealth and friends,
And health, and safe abode ;
I praise thy name for all these things,
But they are not my God.

How vain a toy is glitt'ring wealth,
If once compar'd to thee ;
And what's my safety or my health,
Or all my friends to me ?

Were I possessor of the earth,
And call'd the stars my own ;
Without thy graces, and thyself,
I were a wretch undone.

Let others stretch their arms like seas,
And grasp in all the shore ;
Grant me the visits of thy face,
And I desire no more.

HYMN CCXXXIV. *A Sinner's P.*

GOD of my salvation, hear,
And help me to believe ;
Simply would I now draw near,
Thy blessings to receive.

Blessings let us now inherit,
 Blessings that we cannot name ;
 Whilst hosannas we are singing,
 May our hearts in rapture move ;
 Feel new grace in them still springing,
 Breathe the air of purest love.

Let us sail in Grace's ocean,
 Float on that unbounded sea ;
 Guided into pure devotion,
 Kept from paths of error free ;
 On thy heav'nly manna feeding,
 Screen'd from ev'ry envious foe ;
 Love, O love for sinners bleeding,
 All for thee we would forego.

Keep us, Lord, still in communion,
 Daily nearer drawn to thee ;
 Sinking in the sweetest union
 Of that heart-felt mystery ;
 Keep us safe from each delusion,
 Well protected from all harms ;
 Free from sin, and all confusion,
 Circle us within thine arms.

HYMN CCXXXVII.

Justification by Faith.

VAIN are the hopes the sons of men
 On their own works have built ;
 Their hearts by nature all unclean,
 And all their actions guilt.

Let Jew and Gentile stop their mouth;
 Without a murmur'ing word ;
 And the whole race of Adam stand
 Guilty before the Lord.

In vain we ask God's righteous law
 To justify us now ;
 Since to convince, and to condemn,
 Is all the law can do.

Jesus, how glorious is thy grace,
 When in thy name we trust :
 Our faith receives a righteousness
 That makes the sinner just..

HYMN CCXXXVIII.

*This is the Victory that overcometh the World;
 even our Faith.*

O TELL me no more of this world's vain
 store ;
 The time for such trifles with me now is o'er.
 A country I've found where true joys abound ;
 To dwell I'm determin'd on that happy
 ground.

No mortal doth know what he can bestow,
 What light, strength, and comfort ; go after
 him, go.

Lo ! onward I move, and, but Christ above,
 None guesses how wondrous my journey will
 prove.

Great spoils I shall win, from death, hell, and
sin ;
'Midst outward affliction shall feel Christ
within.

Perhaps for his name, poor dust as I am,
Some works I shall finish with glad loving aim.
I still, which is best, shall in his dear breast,
As at the beginning, find pardon and rest.
And when I'm to die, "Receive me," I'll cry,
For Jesus hath lov'd me, I cannot say why.
But this I do find, we two are so join'd,
He'll not live in glory, and leave me behind.

HYMN CCXXXIX.

The Love of Christ constraineth us.
2 Cor. v. 14.

HAPPY the heart where graces reign,
Where love inspires the breast ;
Love is the brightest of the train,
And strengthens all the rest.
Knowledge, alas ! is all in vain,
And all in vain our fear ;
Our stubborn sins will fight and reign,
If love be absent there.
'T is love that makes our active feet
In swift obedience move ;
The devils know, and tremble too,
But Satan cannot love.

This is the grace that lives and sings,
When faith and hope shall cease ;
'T is this shall strike our joyful strings
In the sweet realms of bliss.

Before we quite forsake our clay,
Or leave this poor abode,
The wings of love bear us away
To see our smiling God.

HYMN CCXL. *Christ the Way to God.*

JESUS, my all, to heav'n is gone ;
He that I plac'd my hopes upon :
His track I see, and I'll pursue
The narrow way till him I view.

The way the holy prophets went,
The road that leads from banishment,
The King's highway of holiness,
I'll go ; for all his paths are peace.

This is the way I long have sought,
And mourn'd because I found it not :
My grief my burden long has been,
Because I could not cease from sin.

The more I strove against its pow'r,
I sinn'd and stumbled but the more :
Till late I heard my Saviour say,
" Come hither, soul, for I'm the way."

Lo ! glad I come ; and thou, dear Lamb,
 Shalt take me to thee as I am ;
 Nothing but sin I thee can give,
 Yet help me, and thy praise I 'll live.

I 'll tell to all poor sinners round,
 What a dear Saviour I have found ;
 I 'll point to thy redeeming blood,
 And say, " Behold the way to God."

HYMN CCXLI.

Come and welcome to Jesus Christ,

COME, ye sinners, poor and wretched,
 Weak and wounded, sick and sore ;
 Jesus ready stands to save you,
 Full of pity, join'd with power ;
 He is able, he is able, he is able :
 He is willing : doubt no more.

Ho ! ye needy, come and welcome ;
 God's free bounty glorify,
 True belief, and true repentance,
 Ev'ry grace that brings us nigh ;
 Without money, without money, &c.
 Come to Jesus Christ, and buy.

Let not conscience make you linger,
 Nor of fitness fondly dream ;
 All the fitness he requireth,
 Is to feel your need of him ;
 This he gives you, this he gives you, &c.
 'T is the Spirit's rising beam.

Come, ye weary, heavy laden,
 Bruis'd and mangled by the fall ;
 If you tarry till you're better,
 You will never come at all :
 Not the righteous, not the righteous, &c.
 Sinners Jesus came to call.
 View him grov'ling in the garden ;
 Lo, your Maker prostrate lies !
 On the bloody tree behold him ;
 Hear him cry before he dies—
 It is finish'd, it is finish'd, &c.
 Sinner, will not this suffice ?
 Lo, th' incarnate God, ascended,
 Pleads the merit of his blood ;
 Venture on him, venture wholly ;
 Let no other trust intrude.
 None but Jesus, none but Jesus, &c.
 Can do helpless sinners good.
 Saints and angels join'd in concert,
 Sing the praises of the Lamb :
 While the blissful seats of heaven
 Sweetly echo with his name.
 Hallelujah ! hallelujah ! hallelujah !
 Sinners here may sing the same.

HYMN CCXLII.

Christ's Call and (through Grace) the Sinner's Acceptance.

JESU, thou dost cry aloud,
 “ Sinners, hasten to my blood ;

Though as black as hell within,
Yet my blood shall wash you clean,

" View me in the manger lying ;
View me panting, bleeding, dying ;
In my pierced side here 's room,
Ev'ry drop of blood cries, Come ! "

Lord, I hear thy gracious call ;
Prostrate at thy feet I fall :
All poor sinners thou call'st home ;
I 'm a sinner ; lo ! I come.

Satan, Lord, hath me distress,
I am naked, void of rest ;
All my nature 's full of sin,
Oh ! I 'm all unclean, unclean.

" Yes, my child, I know it all,
But thy guilt on me did fall ;
By the shedding of my blood,
Thou art reconcil'd to God.

" Art thou naked, in distress,
Here 's the robe of righteousness,
Here 's my blood to cleanse thy heart ;
Clothe thee, wash thee, mine thou art."

Satan, hearest thou thy doom,
Jesus my deliv'rer 's come ;
Passion, unbelief, and pride,
Hence be gone, for Christ has died.

Hail, my Jesus, Lord and God !
 Take the purchase of thy blood ;
 Thou didst give thyself for me,
 Lo, I give myself to thee.

HYMN CCXLIII. *Doubts scattered.*

HENCE from my soul, sad thoughts, be
 And leave me to my joys ; [gone,
 My tongue shall triumph in my God,
 And make a joyful noise..

Darkness and doubts had veil'd my mind,
 And drown'd my eyes in tears,
 Till sov'reign grace, with shining rays,
 Dispell'd my gloomy fears.

O, what immortal joys I felt,
 And raptures all divine,
 When Jesus told me, I was his,
 And my beloved mine !

In vain the tempter frights my soul,
 And breaks my peace in vain ;
 One glimpse, dear Saviour, of thy face
 Revives my joys again.

HYMN CCXLIV. *They crucified him.*

O LOVE divine, what hast thou done !
 Th' immortal God hath died for me ;
 The Father's co-eternal Son
 Bore all my sins upon the tree ;

Th' immortal God for me hath died ;
My Lord, my love, is crucified !

Behold him, all ye that pass by,
The bleeding Prince of life and peace ;
Come, see, ye worms, your Maker die,
And say, Was ever grief like his ?
Come, feel, with me, his blood applied ;
My Lord, my love, is crucified !

Is crucified for me and you,
To bring us rebels back to God ;
Believe, believe the record true,
That we are bought with Jesu's blood ;
Pardon and life flow from his side,
My Lord, my love, is crucified.

Then let us sit beneath his crofs,
And gladly catch the healing stream ;
All things for him account but loss,
And give up all our hearts to him :
Of nothing spek or think beside,
My Lord, my love, is crucified !

HYMN CCXLV. *Calvary.*

LAMB of God, whose bleeding love
We now recall to mind,
Send the answer from above,
And let us mercy find ;
Think on us, who think on thee,
And ev'ry struggling soul release,

O remember Calvary,
 And bid us go in peace,
 By thy agonizing pain,
 And bloody sweat, we pray ;
 By thy dying love to man,
 Take all our sins away ;
 Burst our bonds, and set us free,
 From all iniquity release,

O remember, &c.

Let thy blood, by faith applied,
 The sinner's pardon seal ;
 Speak us freely justified,
 And all our sickness heal ;
 By thy passion on the tree,
 Let all our griefs and troubles cease ;

O remember, &c.

Never would we hence depart,
 Till thou our wants relieve ;
 Write forgiveness on each heart,
 And all thine image give :
 Still our souls shall cry to thee,
 Till all renew'd in holiness ;

O remember Calvary,
 And bid us go in peace.

HYMN CCXLVI. *The Stony Heart.*

O H, for a glance of heay'ly day !
 To take this stubborn stone away ;
 And thaw, with beams of love divine,
 This heart, this frozen heart of mine !

The rocks can rend, the earth can quake ;
 The seas can roar ; the mountains shake !
 Of feeling all things show some sign,
 But this unfeeling heart of mine !

To hear the sorrows thou hast felt,
 Dear Lord, an adamant would melt ;
 But I can read each moving line,
 And nothing move this heart of mine !

Thy judgments too unmov'd I hear,
 (Amazing thought !) which devils fear ;
 Goodness and wrath in vain combine
 To stir this stupid heart of mine !

But something yet can do the deed,
 And that dear something much I need ;
 Thy spirit can from dross refine,
 And move and melt this heart of mine.

HYMN CCXLVII. *The Same.*

WHEN shall my frozen heart revive ?
 When shall my soul begin to live ?
 Fetter'd with sin, opprest with death,
 I pant, yet hopeless pant, for breath.

Yet against hope, I faint would hope ;
 O that the Lord would raise me up ;
 Would all my unbelief destroy,
 And let me taste his people's joy !

Come, Breath of Life, inspire my soul,
 On me let streams of mercy roll :

I know, a tender glance from thee
Can set my burden'd spirit free.

Peter's experience tells me so,
Tells me what Jesu's look can do ;
The harden'd heart at once it turns,
The icy soul it melts and burns.

Lord, kindly reach this heart of mine :
I'd pant to be entirely thine ;
To have thy Spirit rule in me ;
And bring me into liberty.

HYMN CCXLVIII. *Christ is All in All.*

TO all my *vileness*, Christ is *glory bright* ;
To all my *mis'ries*, infinite *delight*—
To all my *ign'rance*, *wise* without compare ;
To my *deformity*, th' *eternal fair*—
*S*o be to my *blindness*--to my *meanness*, *wealth* ;
*L*ife to my *death*--and to my *sickness*, *health* ;
To *darkness*, *light*—my *liberty* in *tbrall*—
What shall I say ? my Christ is *All in All* !

HYMN CCXLIX.

At the Coming of a Minister.

WELOCOME, welcome, bleffed servant,
Messenger of Jesu's grace ;
O, how beautiful the feet of
Him that brings good news of peace !
Welcome herald, welcome herald, &c.
Priest of God, thy people's joy.

Saviour, bless his message to us,
 Give us hearts, to hear the sounds
 Of redemption, dearly purchas'd
 By thy death and precious wounds ;
 O reveal it, O reveal it, &c.
 To our poor and helpless souls.

Give reward of grace and glory
 To thy faithful lab'rer dear :
 Let the incense of our hearts be
 Offer'd up in faith and pray'r ;
 Bless, O bless him, bless, O bless him, &c.
 Now, henceforth, for evermore.

HYMN CCL. *Not ashamed of the Gospel.*

I 'M not ashain'd to own my Lord,
 Or to defend his cause ;
 Maintain the honour of his word,
 The glory of his cross.

Jesus, my God ; I know his name,
 His name is all my trust ;
 Nor will he put my soul to shame,
 Nor let my hope be lost.

Firm as his throne his promise stands,
 And he can well secure
 What I 've committed to his hands,
 Till the decisive hour.

Then will he own my worthless name,
 Before his Father's face,

And in the new Jerusalem
Appoint my soul a place.

HYMN CCLI. Christ's dying Love.

HOW condescending, and how kind,
Was God's eternal Son ;
Our mis'ry reach'd his heav'nly mind,
And pity brought him down.

(When justice, by our sins provok'd,
Drew forth its dreadful sword,
He gave his soul up to the stroke,
Without a murmur'ring word.)

(He sunk beneath our heavy woes,
To raise us to his throne ;
There's not a gift his hand bestows,
But cost his heart a groan.)

This was compassion like a God,
That, when the Saviour knew
The price of pardon was his blood,
His pity ne'er withdrew.

Now though he reigns exalted high,
His love is still as great ;
Well he remembers Calvary,
Nor let our souls forget.

HYMN CCLII.

*For a Minister confined from attending the
Ordinances on the Lord's Day.*

IN silent sadness I'm condemn'd
To spend this sacred day ;

Not suffer'd to approach thy courts,
To sing, and preach, and pray.

My willing feet with joy have trod
Thy palaces of grace ;
The dwellings of my King, my God,
Where saints behold thy face.

To Zion's op'ning gates, this day,
Th' assembling armies move ;
The gospel-trumpet sweetly sounds,
With pardon, peace, and love.

The blessed saints, with hearts and tongues,
Unite to sing thy praise ;
With ears and hearts in rapture held
By messages of grace.

May they thy glories, Lord, behold,
And feed on heav'nly food ;
May living waters fill their souls,
By grace and strength renew'd.

Whilst I 'm a pris'ner in thy chains,
In darkness, grief, and pain,
May I one beam of love divine,
One crumb of grace obtain.

May mercy's hand direct thy rod,
Thy pow'r my soul uphold ;
The dross and tin purge all away,
And brighten all the gold.

May ev'ry sin be now destroy'd,
 And ev'ry grace made strong ;
 Give health, and ease, and strength again,
 And grace shall be my song.

HYMN CCLIII. *For a Public Fast.*

LORD, look on all assembled here,
 Who in thy presence stand,
 To offer up united pray'r,
 For this our sinful land.
 Oft have we, each in private, pray'd
 Our country might find grace ;
 Now hear the same petitions made,
 In this appointed place ;
 Or, if amongst us some be met
 So careless of their sin,
 Who have not cried for mercy yet,
 Lord, let them now begin.
 Thou, by whose death poor sinners live,
 By whom their pray'rs succeed ;
 Thy spir't of supplication give,
 And we shall pray indeed.
 We will not slack, nor give thee rest,
 But importune thee so,
 That till we shall be by thee blest,
 We will not let thee go.
 Great God of hosts, deliv'rance bring ;
 Guide those that hold the helm ;
 Support the state ; preserve the king ;
 And spare the guilty realm.

Or, should the dread decree be past,
And we must feel thy rod,
May faith and patience hold us fast
To our correcting God.

Whatever be our destin'd case,
Accept us in thy Son ;
Give us his gospel, and his grace,
And then thy will be done.

HYMN CCLIV.

Ascribing to God the Praise of our Salvation.

HOW empty was our former boast,
Our foolishness of pride,
When in ourselves we put our trust,
And on our works relied.

Strong in the freedom of our will,
Firm in our nature's pow'rs,
We thought to gain the heav'nly hill,
And seize the crown as ours.

Our good desires; our hearts sincere,
Our best endeavour stood,
To atone for our transgressions here,
In place of Jesu's blood.

Alas for us ! we knew not then
His blood and righteousness ;
Through which alone the sons of men
Are sav'd by richest grace.

But now, O gracious God, thy love
 Hath taught us better things ;
 Our all is giv'n us from above,
 From thee salvation springs.

Freely thy love delights to save,
 And ransoms without price ;
 But only that which Jesus gave,
 Our bleeding sacrifice.

We own the sole procuring cause,
 That precious blood divine ;
 And since our Jesus died for us,
 May we live ever thine.

HYMN CCLV. *Christ a sure Guide.*

GUIDE me, O thou great Jehovah,
 Pilgrim, through this barren land ;
 I am weak, but thou art mighty,
 Hold me with thy pow'rful hand :
 Bread of Heav'n, Bread of Heav'n,
 Feed me till I want no more.

Open now the crystal fountain,
 Whence the healing streams do flow ;
 Let the fiery cloudy pillar
 Lead me all my journey through :
 Strong Deliv'rer, strong Deliv'rer,
 Be thou still my strength and shield.

When I tread the verge of Jordan,
 Bid my anxious fears subside :

Death of deaths, and hell's destruction,
 Land me safe on Canaan's side :
 Songs of praises, songs of praises,
 I will ever give to thee.

HYMN CCLVI.

A warm Coal for a cold Heart.

MUSING on my habitation,
 Musing on my heav'nly home,
 Fills my soul with holy longing ;
 Come, my Jesus, quickly come ;
 Vanity is all I see,
 Lord, I long to be with thee.

HYMN CCLVII.

A whole Heart for Christ.

Lord, make me faithful to my call,
 In heart still truly give up all,
 Myself to thee resign :
 When dangers threaten me around,
 Invincible may I be found,
 Never thy will decline.

My feet with holy oil anoint ;
 The destin'd path thou dost appoint,
 Gladly I then will tread ;
 Bedew me with a genial show'r,
 Into my heart thy influence pour,
 With living manna fed.

A single eye, a faithful heart,
 My Jesus, to thy child impart,

In ev'ry trying hour :
 Reas'ning's tormenting thoughts prevent,
 Still keep my eye on thee intent,
 Till fight my faith o'erpow'r.

HYMN CCLVIII. *A Sinner's last Shift.*

SAVIOUR, canst thou love a traitor ?
 Canst thou love a child of wrath ?
 Can a hell-deserving creature
 Be the purchase of thy death ?
 Is thy blood so efficacious
 As to make my nature clean ?
 Is thy sacrifice so precious,
 As to free me from my sin ?

Sin on ev'ry hand surrounds me,
 No acquittance can I hear ;
 Pangs of unbelief confound me,
 Help me, Lord, my grief to bear ;
 Here then is my resolution,
 At thy dearest feet to fall ;
 Here I'll meet my condemnation,
 Or a freedom from my thrall.

Now deny thy grace and mercy,
 If thou canst, to wretched me ;
 Lay aside thy love and pity,
 If thou canst, and let me die :
 If I meet with condemnation,
 Justly I deserve the same ;

If I meet with free salvation,
I will magnify thy name.

HYMN CCLIX.

I am the God of Abraham.

THE God of Abrah'm praise,
Who reigns enthron'd above ;
Ancient of everlasting days,
And God of love ;
Jehovah, Great I Am !
By earth and heav'n confess'd ;
I bow, and bless the sacred name,
For ever blest.

The God of Abrah'm praise,
At whose supreme command
From earth I'd rise—and seek the joys
At thy right hand :
I'd all on earth forsake,
Its wisdom, fame, and power ;
And him my only portion make,
My shield, and tower.

The God of Abrah'm praise,
Whose all-sufficient grace
Shall guide me all my happy days,
In all his ways ;
He calls a worm his friend !
He calls himself my God !
And he shall save me to the end,
Through Jeu's blood.

He by himself hath sworn,
 I on his oath depend,
 I shall, on eagles' wings up-borne,
 To heav'n ascend ;
 I shall behold his face,
 I shall his pow'r adore,
 And sing the wonders of his grace
 For evermore,

PART THE SECOND.

THOUGH nature's strength decay,
 And earth and hell withstand,
 To Canaan's bounds I urge my way,
 At his command :
 The wat'ry deep I pass,
 With Jesus in my view ;
 And through the howling wilderness
 My way pursue.

The goodly land I see,
 With peace and plenty blest,
 A land of sacred liberty,
 And endless rest :
 There milk and honey flow,
 And oil and wine abound ;
 And trees of life for ever grow,
 With mercy crown'd.

There dwells the Lord our King,
 The Lord our righteousness,

Has won my affections,
 And bound my soul fast.
 Without thy sweet mercy
 I could not live here :
 Sin soon would reduce me
 To utter despair :
 But, through thy free goodness,
 My spirit revive ;
 And he that first made me,
 Still keeps me alive.
 Whene'er I mistake,
 Thy kind mercy begins
 To melt me, and then
 I can mourn for my sins :
 And, led by thy spirit
 To Jesus's blood,
 My sorrows are dried,
 And my strength is renew'd.
 Thy mercy is more
 Than a match for my heart,
 Which wonders to feel
 Its own hardness depart :
 Dissolv'd by thy presence,
 I fall to the ground,
 And weep to the praise of
 The mercy I found.
 The doors of thy mercy
 Stand open all day,
 To the poor and the needy
 Who knock by the way

Thy mercy is endless,
Most tender and free;
No sinner need doubt,
Since 't is given to me.

Dear Father, thy merciful
Word is my all;
Thy promise supports me
When ready to fall;
When enemies crowd,
To cause doubt and despair,
I conquer them all
By thy spirit of pray'r.

Thy mercy in Jesus
Exempts me from hell;
Of thy mercy I'll sing,
Of thy mercy I'll tell:
'T was Jesus my friend,
When he hung on the tree,
That open'd the channel
Of mercy for me.

Great Father of mercies,
Thy goodness I own,
And the covenant-love
Of thy crucified Son;
All praise to the Spirit,
Whose whispers divine
Seal mercy, and pardon,
And righteousness, mine.

HYMN CCLXI.

*The Loss of Christ lamented, from the past
Experience of his Love.*

MY time, O ye daughters
Of Sion, did run
Most sweetly and softly,
When Christ was my sun;
Through darkness I fearless
Could walk by his light;
His rays were my comfort,
His shield was my might.

When Jesus was with me
By day or by night,
Though darkness was round me,
My soul was still light;
My joys and my comforts
Enraptur'd my mind,
While under his shadow
I sweetly reclin'd.

What time in communion
With Jesus I spent,
'T was heaven all over,
Wherever I went;
And oft, when his kindness
I've felt on my heart,
In raptures I pray'd
He would never depart.

His mercy and love
Were the theme of my song;

To praise and adore him,
 The joy of my tongue :
 To talk of his goodness
 My daily delight ;
 To think on his kindness
 My pleasure by night.
 But when he is absent
 My comforts are gone,
 My heart is dejected,
 And hard as a stone ;
 Nor nature nor creature
 Delight can impart ;
 Till Jesus return,
 The sole joy of my heart.
 That e'er I should grieve thee,
 My Lord and my Lamb,
 Sore vexes my soul,
 And o'erwhelms me with shame !
 The sweets of thy favour,
 And love felt before,
 Restore, my dear Jesus,
 And leave me no more.

HYMN CCLXII. *Before Sermon.*

SOURCE of light and pow'r divine,
 Deign upon thy truth to shine ;
 Lord, behold thy servant stands,
 Lo, to thee he lifts his hands ;
 Satisfy his soul's desire,
 Touch his lips with holy fire.

Ope thy treasure, so shall fall
 Unction sweet on him, on all ;
 Till by odours scatter'd round,
 Christ himself be trac'd and found ;
 Then shall ev'ry raptur'd heart,
 Rich in peace and joy, depart.

HYMN CCLXIII. *The same.*

DEAREST Saviour, help thy servant
 To proclaim thy wondrous love ;
 O that ev'ry soul here present
 May thy grace and truth approve !
 Bless, O bless us ; Bless, O bless us, &c.
 From thy shining courts above.

Now thy gracious word invites us
 To partake thy Gospel feast :
 Let thy spirit now unite us,
 Each to thee a willing guest ;
 O receive us ; O receive us, &c.
 To thy glorious promis'd rest.

HYMN CCLXIV.

FIRM as the earth thy Gospel stands,
 My Lord, my hope, my trust ;
 If I am found in Jesu's hands,
 My soul can ne'er be lost.

His honour is engag'd to save
 The meanest of his sheep :

(239)

All that his heav'nly Father gave,
His hands securely keep.
Nor Death nor Hell shall e'er remove
His fav'rites from his breast ;
In the dear bosom of his love
They *must* for ever rest.

HYMN CCLXV.

NOTHING but thy blood, O Jesus,
Can relieve us from our smart ;
Nothing else from guilt release us,
Nothing else can melt the heart.
Law and terrors do but harden,
All the while they work alone ;
But a sense of blood-bought pardon
Soon dissolves a heart of stone.
Teach us, by thy patient Spirit,
How to mourn, and not despair ;
Let us, leaning on thy merit,
Wrestle hard with God in pray'r.
Whatsoe'er afflictions seize us,
They shall profit, if not please ;
But defend, defend us, Jesus,
From security and ease.

HYMN CCLXVI,

Electing Graces; or Saints beloved in Christ.
JESUS, we bless thy Father's name ;
Thy God and ours are both the same ;

What heav'nly blessings from his throne
Flow down to sinners, through his Son !

Christ be my first elect, he said,
Then chose our souls, in Christ our Head,
Before he gave the mountains birth,
Or laid foundations for the earth.

Thus did eternal Love begin
To raise us up from death and sin ;
Our characters were then decreed,
Blameless in love, a holy seed.

Predestinated to be sons,
Born by degrees, but chose at once ;
A new regenerated race,
To praise the glory of his grace.

With Christ our Lord we share our part
In the affections of his heart ;
Nor shall our souls be thence remov'd,
Till he forgets his First-belov'd.

HYMN CCLXVII.

The Pharisee and Publican.

BEHOLD how sinners disagree,
The Publican and Pharisee ;
One doth his righteousness proclaim,
The other owns his guilt and shame.

This man at humble distance stands,
And cries for grace with lifted hands ;
That boldly rises near the throne,
And talks of duties he has done.

The Lord their diff'rent language knows,
And diff'rent answers he bestows ;
The humble soul with grace he crowns,
Whilst on the proud his anger frowns.

Dear Father, let me never be
Join'd with the boasting Pharisee :
I have no merit of my own,
But plead the suff'rings of thy Son.

HYMN CCLXVIII. *Thy Kingdom come.*

O H when shall we, supremely blest,
Enter into our glorious rest ;
Partake the triumphs of the sky,
And Holy, holy, holy, cry !

With all thy heav'nly hosts, with all
Thy blessed saints we then shall fall,
And sing in ecstasy unknown,
And praise thee on thy dazzling throne.,

HYMN CCLXIX. *Time and Eternity.*

THEE we adore, eternal Name,
And humbly own to thee,
How feeble is our mortal frame,
What dying worms we be.

Waken, O Lord, our drowsy sense,
To walk this dangerous road ;
And when our souls are taken hence,
May they be found with God.

Affuse me that my worthless name.
 Is graven on thy hands :
 Show me some promise in thy book,
 Where my salvation stands.

HYMN CCLXX,

The Same.

SINCE all the downward tracts of time
 God's watchful eye surveys,
 O ! who so wise to choose our lot,
 And regulate our ways ?

Affured of his wondrous love,
 Unmeasurably kind,
 To his unerring gracious will
 Be ev'ry wish resign'd.

Good when he gives, supremely good,
 Nor less, when he denies ;
 E'en crosses, from his sov'reign hand,
 Are blessings in disguise.

In thy fair book of life divine,
 My God, inscribe my name ;
 There let it fill some humble place,
 Beneath my Lord the Lamb.

Thy saints, while ages roll away,
 In endles fame survive :
 Their glories, o'er the wrongs of time,
 Greatly triumphant, live.

HYMN CCLXXI.

He has done all Things well. Mark, vii. 37.

NOW in a song of grateful praise,
To my dear Lord my voice I 'll raise ;
With all his saints I 'll join to tell
My Jesus has done all things well.

All worlds his glorious pow'r confess,
His wisdom all his works express ;
But, oh ! his love what tongue can tell ?
My Jesus has done all things well.

How sov'reign, wonderful, and free,
Has been this love to sinful me ?
This pluck'd me from the jaws of hell ;
My Jesus has done all things well.

I spurn'd his grace, I broke his laws,
And yet he undertook my cause,
To save me, though I did rebel ;
My Jesus has done all things well.

And since my soul has known his love,
What mercies has he made me prove ?
Mercies which do all praise excel ;
My Jesus has done all things well.

Whene'er my Saviour and my God
Has on me laid his gentle rod ;
I know, in all that me befell,
My Jesus has done all things well.
Though many a fiery flaming dart
The tempter levels at my heart ;

With this I all his rage repel,
 My Jesus has done all things well.

Sometimes my Lord his face doth hide,
 To make me pray, or kill my pride ;
 Yet then it on my mind does dwell,
 My Jesus has done all things well.

Soon shall I pass the vale of death,
 And in his arms shall lose my breath ;
 Yet then my happy soul shall tell,
 My Jesus has done all things well.

And when to that bright world I rise,
 And join the anthems in 'he skies,
 Above the rest *this note* shall swell,
 My Jesus has done all things well.

HYMN CCLXXII.

Look again. Jonah, ii. 4.

SEE a poor sinner, dearest Lord,
 Whose soul, encourag'd by thy word,
 At mercy's footstool woud remain,
 And there woud look, and look again.

How oft, deceiv'd by self and pride,
 Has my poor heart been turn'd aside,
 And, Jonah-like, has fled from thee,
 Till thou hast look'd again on me.

Ah ! bring a wretched wand'rer home,
 And to thy footstool let me come,
 And tell thee all my grief and pain,
 And wait, and look, and look again.

Take courage, then, my trembling soul,
One look from Christ will make thee whole ;
Trust thou in him, 't is not in vain,
But wait, and look, and look again.

Do Satan's darts thy soul molest ?
Does dark desertion fill thy breast ?
Art thou almost with sorrows slain ?
Yet wait, and look, and look again.

Do fears and doubts thy soul annoy,
And thund'ring tempests drown thy joy ?
And canst thou not one smile obtain ?
Yet wait, and look, and look again.

Look to the Lord, his word, his throne :
Look to his grace, and not your own :
There wait and look, and look again ;
You shall not wait nor look in vain.

Ere long that happy day will come,
When I shall reach my blissful home ;
And when to glory I attain,
O then I 'll look and look again.

HYMN CCLXXIII.

I know that my Redeemer liveth. Job, xix. 25.

I KNOW that my Redeemer lives,
What comfort this sweet sentence gives !
He lives, he lives, who once was dead,
He lives, my ever-living Head,
He lives, triumphant from the grave,
He lives, eternally to save,

**He lives, all-glorious in the sky,
He lives, exalted there on high.**

**He lives to bless me with his love,
He lives to plead for me above,
He lives my hungry soul to feed,
He lives to help in time of need.**

**He lives to grant me rich supply,
He lives to guide me with his eye,
He lives to comfort me when faint,
He lives to hear my soul's complaint.**

**He lives to crush the pow'rs of Hell,
He lives that he may in me dwell,
He lives to heal and make me whole,
He lives to guard my feeble soul.**

**He lives to silence all my fears,
He lives to stop and wipe my tears,
He lives to calm my troubled heart,
He lives, all blessings to impart.**

**He lives, my kind, wise, heav'nly Friet
He lives, and loves me to the end ;
He lives, and while he lives I 'll sing,
He lives, my Prophet, Priest, and King**

**He lives, and grants me daily breath,
He lives, and I shail conquer death,
He lives my mansion to prepare,
He lives to bring me safely there.**

**He lives, all glory to his name,
He lives, my Jesus still the same;**

O the sweet joy this sentence gives,
I know that my Redeemer lives !

HYMN CCLXXIV. *Him. Acts, v. 31.*

JOIN all who love the Saviour's name,
And sing his everlasting fame ;
Great God, prepare each heart and voice,
In Him for ever to rejoice.

Of Him what wondrous things are told,
In Him what glories I behold,
For Him I gladly all things leave ;
To Him, my soul, for ever cleave.

In Him my treasure's all contain'd,
By Him my feeble soul's sustain'd ;
From him I all things now receive,
Through Him my soul does daily live.

With him I daily love to walk,
Of Him my soul delights to talk ;
On Him I cast my ev'ry care,
Like Him one day I shall appear.

Bles's Him, my soul, from day to day,
Trust Him to bring thee on thy way,
Give Him thy poor, weak, sinful heart,
With him, O never, never part.

Take Him for strength and righteousness,
Make Him thy refuge in distress,
Love Him above all earthly joy,
And Him in every thing employ.

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Praise Him in cheerful, grateful songs,
To Him your highest praise belongs ;
Bless Him who does your heav'n prepare,
And Him you 'll praise for ever there.

HYMN CCLXXV.

HAPPY the man to whom 't is giv'n
To eat the bread of life in Heav'n ;
This happiness in Christ we prove,
Who feast on his forgiving love.

HYMN CCLXXVI.

FOR all the blessings of the day,
Humble thanksgiving let us pay :
And when to endleis day we soar,
Our praise shall be for evermore.

Hail, dear Redeemer ; live and reign,
Thou Lamb, for sinful mankind slain :
Preserver of the ransom'd race,
Exalted high in truth and grace !

Our guide thou all the day hast been,
O save us, Lord, from this day's sin :
Remain our Saviour still, and be
Our hope, our guard eternally.

Into thy hands we, sinful dust,
Our souls commend, our bodies trust :
Nor doubt we, but our only Friend
Loves, and will love us to the end.

HYMN CCLXXVII.

Praise to the Redeemer.

BEGIN, ye saints, the happy song,
 Let love inspire the theme,
 'T is Jesus's grace
 That calls for our praise,
 'T was Jesus alone did redeem.

When justice fix'd the sinner's fate,
 In endless woe to dwell,
 'T was Jesus that stood
 Resisting to blood,
 And ransom'd the sinner from Hell.

Our only Advocate and Friend
 The mighty work has wrought ;
 When He bow'd his head,
 'T is finish'd, He said :
 O sinner, exult at the thought !

A spotless victim to the cross,
 Himself He thus resign'd ;
 Then enter'd the grave,
 The wretched to save,
 The poor, and the halt, and the blind.

Lo ! now in bliss our cause He pleads,
 Till we behold his face ;
 Unchangeable love
 To us He will prove,
 Eternal in mercy and grace.

Then let us lift our loudest praise
 To Sion's holy King ;
 He is worthy, we own,
 Who sits on the throne ;
 Hosanna to Jesus we sing.

HYMN CCLXXVIII. John, i. 14.

The Word was made Flesh, and dwelt among us.

WHAT joyful news salutes our ears,
 From yonder heav'ly choir !
 How glorious the song
 Of that happy throug !
To Him, whom all nations desire !

Behold what glories fill the skies !
 Hear how they chant his praise !

“ Good tidings we bring,
 “ Great joy from your King ;
 “ Fear not.” — ‘T is a message of grace.

“ All glory be to God ascrib’d,”
 Who reigns enthron’d on high :
 “ Lo ! Peace upon earth,”
 At Jesus’s birth,
 “ Good-will unto men,” is their cry.

Hail, “ EVERLASTING FATHER,” hail !
 And yet th’ INCARNATE SON ;
 Though “ THE MIGHTY LORD,”
 Thy name be ador’d !
 An infant in time art become.

Welcome the dear-lov'd " PRINCE OF
PEACE,"

Born that we ne'er might die ;
The " COUNSELLOR's " fame,
Of " WONDERFUL " name,
We sing in a rapture of joy.
Loud hallelujahs reach the sky,
At our IMMANUEL's birth,
The " ANCIENT OF DAYS "
His mercy displays,
While born of a Virgin on earth.

HYMN CCLXXIX.

Christ Lord of All.

ALL hail ! the great Immanuel's name,
Let angels prostrate fall ;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown Him Lord of All.

Let high-born seraphs tune the lyre,
And, as they tune it, fall
Before his face, who tunes their choir,
And crown Him Lord of All.

Crown Him, ye martyrs of our God,
Who from his altar call ;
Extol the Stem of Jesse's rod,
And crown him Lord of All.

Crown Him, ye morning stars of light,
Who fix'd this floating ball ;
Now hail the strength of Isra'l's might,
And crown Him Lord of All.

Ye chosen seed of Isra'l's race,
 Ye ransom'd of the fall,
 Hail Him who saves you by his grace,
 And crown Him Lord of All.

Hail Him, ye heirs of David's line,
 Whom David Lord did call ;
 The God Incarnate ! Man Divine !
 The crowned Lord of All.

Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
 The wormwood and the gall,
 Go spread your trophies at his feet,
 And crown Him Lord of All.

Let ev'ry tribe, and ev'ry tongue,
 That bound creation's ball,
 Now shout, in universal song,
 The crowned Lord of All.

HYMN CCLXXX. *Affurance.*

A DEBTOR to mercy alone,
 Of covenant mercy I sing ;
 Nor fear, with thy righteousness on,
 My person and off'ring to bring.
 The terrors of *Law* and of God,
 With me can have nothing to do ;
 My Saviour's obedience and blood
 Hide all my transgressions from view.
 The work which his goodness began,
 The arm of his strength will complete ;

His promise is Yea and Amen,
 And never was forfeited yet :
 Things future, nor things that are now,
 Not all things below nor above,
 Can make him his purpose forego,
 Or sever my soul from his love.

My name from the palms of his hands
 Eternity will not erase ;
 Imprest on his heart it remains,
 In marks of indelible grace :
 Yes, I to the end shall endure,
 As sure as the earnest is giv'n ;
 More happy, but not more secure,
 The glorified spirits in heav'n.

HYMN CCLXXXI.

Worthy the Lamb !

GLORY to God on high,
 Let heav'n and earth reply,
 Praise ye his Name !

Angels, his love adore,
 Who all our sorrows bore ;
 And saints cry evermore,
 Worthy the Lamb !

All they around the throne,
 Cheerfully join in one,
 Praising his Name :

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We, who have felt his blood,
Sealing our peace with God,
Sound his dear fame abroad ;

Worthy the Lamb !

Join, all the ransom'd race,
Our Lord and God to bless ;

Praise ye his Name :

In him we will rejoice,
Making a cheerful noise ;
And shout, with heart and voice,

Worthy the Lamb !

Though we must change our place,
Yet shall we never cease

Praising his Name !

To him we 'll tribute bring,
Hail him our gracious King,
And, without ceasing, sing,

Worthy the Lamb !

HYMN CCLXXXII. *Grace.*

GRACE ! 't is a charming sound,
Harmonious to the ear :
Heav'n with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.

Grace first contriv'd a way
To save rebellious man ;
And all the steps did grace display,
Which drew the wondrous plan,

Sweet to reflect, how grace divine
 My sins on Jesus laid ;
 Sweet to remember, that his blood
 My debt of suff'ring paid :

Sweet in his righteousness to stand,
 Which saves from second death ;
 Sweet to experience, day by day,
 His Spirit's quick'ning breath :

Sweet on his faithfulness to rest,
 Whose love can never end ;
 Sweet on his covenant of grace
 For all things to depend :

Sweet, in the confidence of faith,
 To trust his firm decrees ;
 Sweet to lie passive in his hands,
 And know no will but his.

If such the sweetness of the streams,
 What must the fountain be ?
 Where saints and angels draw their bliss,
 Immediately from Thee !

HYMN CCLXXXV.

All my Springs are in Thee. Ps. lxxxvii. 7.

BLESS the Lord, my soul ; and raise
 A glad and grateful song
 To my dear Redeemer's praise :
 For I to Him belong.

He, my goodness, strength, and God,
 In whom I live, and move, and am,
 Paid my ransom with his blood :
 My portion is the Lamb.

Though temptations seldom cease ;
 Though frequent griefs I feel ;
 Yet his Spirit whispers peace ;
 And he is with me still :

Weak of body, sick in soul,
 Deprest at heart, and faint with fears,
 His dear presence makes me whole,
 And with sweet comfort cheers.

O my Jesus, thou art mine,
 With all thy grace and pow'r ;
 I am now, and shall be thine,
 When time shall be no more.

Thou reviv'st me by thy death ;
 Thy blood from guilt has set me free ;
 My fresh springs of hope, and faith,
 And love, are all in thee.

HYMN CCLXXXVI.

Dependance on Christ alone.

If ever it could come to pass,
 That sheep of Christ might fall away,
 My fickle, feeble soul, alas !
 Would fall a thousand times a day.
 Were not thy love as firm as free,
 Thou soon wouldst take it, Lord, from me.

I on thy promises depend
 (At least, I to depend desire),
 That thou wilt love me to the end,
 Be with me in temptation's fire ;
 Wilt *for* me work, and *in* me too,
 And guide me right, and bring me through.
 No other stay have I beside ;
 If these can alter, I must fall ;
 I look to Thee to be supplied
 With life, with will, with pow'r, with all.
 Rich souls may glory in their store ;
 But Jesus will believe the poor.

HYMN CCLXXXVII.

Christ the Believer's All.

LAMB of God, we fall before thee,
 Humbly trusting in thy cross,
 That alone be all our glory ;
 All things else are dung and dross.
 Thee we own a perfect Saviour,
 Only source of all that's good ;
 Ev'ry grace and ev'ry favour
 Come to us through Jesu's blood.
 Jesus gives us true repentance,
 By his Spirit sent from heav'n ;
 Jesus whispers this sweet sentence,
 " Son, thy sins are all forgiv'n."
 Faith he gives us to believe it,
 Grateful hearts his love to prize ;

A A

Want we wisdom ? He must give it ;
Hearing ears, and seeing eyes.

Jesu gives us pure affections,
Wills to do what he requires ;
Makes us follow his directions,
And what he commands, inspires.

All our pray'rs, and all our praises,
Rightly offer'd in his name,
He that dictates them is Jesu,
He that answers is the same.

When we live on Jesu's merit,
Then we worship God aright ;
Father, Son, and Holy Spirit,
Then we savinely unite.

Hear the whole conclufion of it,
Great or Good, whate'er we call,
God or King, or Priest or Prophet,
Jesus Christ is All in All.

HYMN CCLXXXVIII.

The Prodigal.

NOW for a wondrous song,
(Keep distance, ye profane ;
Be silent, each unhallow'd tongue,
Nor turn the truth to bane :)

The prodigal 's return'd,
Th' apostate bold and base,
That all his Father's counsels spurn'd,
And long abus'd his grace.

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What treatment since he came ?

Love tenderly express'd.

What robe is brought to hide his shame ?

The best, the very best.

Rich food the servants bring,

Sweet music charms his ears ;

See what a beauteous costly ring

The beggar's finger wears !

Ye elder sons, be still,

Give no bad passion vent ;

My brethren, 't is our Father's will,

And you must be content.

All that he has is yours ;

Rejoice then, not repine,

That love that all *your* states secures,

That love has alter'd *mine*.

Good God, are these thy ways ?

If rebels thus are freed,

And favour'd with peculiar grace,

Grace must be free indeed.

HYMN CCLXXXIX.

Salvation to the Lamb.

POOR sinner, come, cast off thy fear,

And raise thy drooping head ;

Come, sing with all poor sinners here,

Jesu, who once was dead.

Salvation sing, no word more meet

To join to Jesu's name ;

Let every thankful tongue repeat,
Salvation to the Lamb!

Saints, from the garden to the cross,
 Your conqu'ring Lord pursue,
 Who dearly to redeem your loss,
 Groan'd, bled, and died for you ;
 Now reigns victorious over death,
 The glorious great I AM ;
 Let every soul repeat with faith,
Salvation to the Lamb !

When we incur'd the wrath of God,
 (Alas ! what could be worse ?)
 He came, and with his own heart's blood
 Redeem'd us from the curse.
 The Paschal Lamb, "our heav'nly meat,"
 Was roasted in the flame :
 Repeat, ye ransom'd souls, repeat,
Salvation to the Lamb !

HYMN CCXC.

In that Day there shall be a Fountain opened to the House of David, and to the Inhabitants of Jerusalem, for Sin and for Uncleanliness
 Zech. xiii. 1.

THE fountain of Christ
 Assist me to sing,
 The blood of our Priest,
 Our crucified King ;
 Who perfectly cleanses
 From sin and from filth ;

And richly dispenses
Salvation and health,

This fountain so dear
He 'll freely impart ;
Unlock'd by the spear,
It gush'd from his heart ;
With blood, and with water,
The first to atone ;
To cleanse us the latter,
The fountains but one,

The fountain is such
(As thousands can tell),
The moment we touch
Its streams, we are well.
All waters beside them
Are full of the curse ;
For all that have tried them
Swell, rot, and grow worse,

This fountain, sick soul,
Recovers thee quite ;
Bathe here, and be whole ;
Wash here, and be white ;
Whatever diseases
Or dangers befall,
The fountain from Jesus
Will rid thee of all.

This fountain from guilt
Not only makes pure,

And gives, soon as felt,
 Infallible cure ;
 But if guilt removed
 Return and remain,
 Its pow'r may be proved
 Again and again.

This fountain unseal'd,
 Stands open for all
 That long to be heal'd,
 The great and the small ;
 Here's strength for the weakly,
 That hither are led ;
 Here's health for the sickly,
 Here's life for the dead.

This fountain, though rich,
 From charge is quite clear ;
 The poorer the wretch
 The welcomer here.
 Come needy, come guilty,
 Come loathsome and bare ;
 You can't come too filthy—
 Come just as you are.

This fountain in vain
 Has never been tried ;
 It takes out all stain,
 Whenever applied :
 The water flows sweetly
 With virtue divine,
 To cleanse souls completely,
 Though leprous as mine.

HYMN CCLXXXIX.

The Name of Jesus.

HOW sweet the name of Jesus sounds
 In a believer's ear !
 It sooths his sorrows, heals his wounds,
 And drives away his fear.
 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
 And calms the troubled breast ;
 'T is manna to the hungry soul,
 And to the weary, rest.
 Dear name, the rock on which I build,
 My shield and hiding-place ;
 My never-failing treas'ry, fill'd
 With boundless stores of grace !
 Jesus, my shepherd, husband, friend,
 My prophet, priest, and king,
 My Lord, my life, my way, my end,
 Accept the praise I bring.
 Weak is the effort of my heart,
 And cold my warmest thought ;
 But when I see Thee as Thou art,
 I 'll praise Thee as I ought.
 Till then I would thy love proclaim
 With ev'ry fleeting breath ;
 And may the music of thy name
 Refresh my soul in death.

HYMN CCXC.

Praise for the Fountain opened.

THERE is a fountain fill'd with blood
 Drawn from Immanuel's veins :
 And sinners, plung'd beneath that flood,
 Lose all their guilty stains.

The dying thief rejoic'd to see
 That fountain in his day ;
 And there have I, as vile as he,
 Wash'd all my sins away.

Dear dying Lamb, thy precious blood
 Shall never lose its pow'r,
 Till all the ransom'd church of God
 Be sav'd, to sin no more.

E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
 Thy flowing wounds supply,
 Redeeming love has been my theme,
 And shall be till I die.

Then, in a nobler, sweeter song,
 I'll sing thy pow'r to save ;
 When this poor, lisping, stamm'ring tongue
 Lies silent in the grave.

Lord, I believe thou hast prepar'd
 (Unworthy though I be)
 For me a blood-bought, free reward,
 A golden harp for me.

'T is strung, and tun'd, for endless years,
 And form'd, by pow'r divine,

To found in God the Father's ears
No other name but thine.

HYMN CCXCI.

The Pool of Bethesda.

BESIDE the Gospel pool,
Appointed for the poor,
From year to year my helpless soul
Has waited for a cure.

How often have I seen
The healing waters move,
And others round me, stepping in,
Their efficacy prove !

But my complaints remain,
I feel the very same,
As full of guilt, and fear, and pain,
As when at first I came.

Oh ! would the Lord appear,
My malady to heal ;
He knows how long I've languish'd here,
And what distress I feel.

How often have I thought,
Why should I longer lie ?
Surely the mercy I have sought
Is not for such as I.

But whither can I go ?
There is no other pool,
Where streams of sovereign virtue flow,
To make a sinner whole.

Here then, from day to day,
 I 'll wait, and hope, and try ;
 Can Jesus hear a finner pray,
 Yet suffer him to die ?

No, he is full of grace,
 He never will permit,
 A soul, that fain would see his face,
 To perish at his feet.

HYMN CCXCII.

Light shining out of Darkness.

God moves in a mysterious way,
 His wonders to perform ;
 He plants his footsteps in the sea,
 And rides upon the storm.

Deep in th' unfathomable mines
 Of never-failing skill,
 He treasures up his bright designs,
 And works his sov'reign will.

Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take ;
 The clouds ye so much dread
 Are big with mercy, and shall break
 In blessings on your head.

Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
 But trust him for his grace ;
 Behind a frowning providence
 He hides a smiling face.

(269 .)

His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour ;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flow'r.

Blind Unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain ;
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

HYMN CCXCIII.

Spiritual Apparel, namely, The Robe of Righteousness and Garments of Salvation.

A WAKE, my heart, arise, my tongue,
Prepare a tuneful voice ;
In God, the life of all my joys,
Aloud will I rejoice.

T was he adorn'd my naked soul,
And made salvation mine ;
Upon a poor polluted worm
He makes his graces shine.

And lest the shadow of a spot
Should on my soul be found,
He took the robe the Saviour wrought,
And cast it all around.

How far the heav'ly robe exceeds
What earthly princes wear !
These ornaments, how bright they shine !
How white the garments are !

Thy Spirit wrought my faith, my love,
 And hope, and every grace;
 But Jesus spent his life to work
 The robe of righteousness.

Strangely, my soul, art thou array'd
 By the great sacred Three!
 In sweetest harmony of praise
 Let all thy pow'rs agree.

HYMN CCXCIV.

The Hopes of Heaven our Support under Trial on Earth.

WHEN I can read my title clear
 To mansions in the skies,
 I bid farewell to every fear,
 And wipe my weeping eyes.
 Should Earth against my soul engage,
 And hellish darts be hurl'd,
 Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
 And face a frowning world.
 Let cares like a wild deluge come,
 And storms of sorrow fall,
 May I but safely reach my home,
 My God, my heav'n, my all.
 Then shall I bathe my weary soul
 In seas of heav'nly rest,
 And not a wave of trouble roll
 Across my peaceful breast.

DISMISSION.

LORD, dismiss us with thy blessing,
Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
Let us each, thy love possessing,
Triumph in *redeeming grace.*
O refresh us, O refresh us, O, &c.
Trav'ling through this wilderness.

Thanks we give, and adoration,
For thy *Gospel's joyful sound;*
May the fruits of thy salvation
In our *hearts and lives be found.*
May thy presence, &c.
With us evermore be found.

So, whene'er the signal's given,
Us from earth to call away,
Borne on angels' wings to heav'n,
Glad the summons to obey,
May we ever, &c.
Reign with Christ in endless day.

The Same.

IF Jesus be yours, You have a true friend,
His goodness endures, I he same to the end;
Your tempers may vary, Your comforts de-
cline,
You cannot miscarry, Your aid is divine.

The Same.

THIS God is the God we adore,
Our faithful, unchangeable friend,
Whose love is as large as his pow'r,
And neither knows measure nor end;
Tis Jesus the First and the Last,
Whose Spirit shall guide us safe home;
We'll praise Him for all that is past,
And trust Him for all that's to come.

The Same.

SALVATION! O the joyful sound,
'T is pleasure to our ears,
A sovereign balm for ev'ry wound,
A cordial for our fears.
Salvation! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around,
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.

CHORUS.

Glory, honour, praise, and power,
Be unto the Lamb for ever;
Jesus Christ is our Redeemer,
Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
Praise ye the Lord.

The Same.

DISMISS us with thy blessing, Lord!
Help us to feed upon thy word;
All that has been amiss forgive,
And let thy truth for ever live.

Though we are guilty, Thou art good:
Wash all our works in Jesu's blood;
Give ev'ry fetter'd soul release,
And bid us all depart in peace.

The Same.

OUR lives, our blood, we here present,
If for thy sake they may be spent;
Fulfil thy sov'reign counsel, Lord!
Thy will be done, thy name ador'd.

The Same.

GIVE us thy strength, thou God of pow'r;
Then men may scorn, and Satan roar:
Thy faithful witnesses are we,
'Tis fix'd, we can do all through Thee.

The Same.

MERCY, good Lord! mercy I crave;
This is the total sum;
For mercy, Lord, is all my suit;
Lord, let thy mercy come,

NO farther go to-night, but stay,
Dear Saviour, till the break of day
Turn in, dear Lord, with me;
And in the morning, when I wake,
Me in thine arms, my Jesus, take,
And I'll go on with Thee.

The Same.

I WILL lay me down to sleep,
And safely take my rest;
Me commend to Jesu's grace,
And lean upon his breast:
So, if Jesus please, I'll sleep,
While troops of angels are my guard;
Oh! my Shepherd, love and keep,
And be my great reward.

The Same.

NONE but Jesus will we sing,
None else will we adore:
He our Prophet, Priest, and King,
Shall be for evermore.
None among the heav'nly pow'rs,
Nor one on earth our praise may claim;
None but Jesus call we ours,
None but the bleeding Lamb.

DOXOLOGIES.

PRAISE God from whom all blessings flow,
 Praise Him all creatures here below ;
 Praise Him above, ye heav'nly host ;
 Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 One God, whom we adore,
 Be glory, as it was, is now,
 And shall be evermore.

FATHER, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 One God, whom we adore,
 Join we with the heav'nly host,
 To praise Thee evermore.
 Live, by heav'n and earth ador'd,
 Three in One, and One in Three,
 Holy, holy, holy Lord !
 All glory be to Thee.

SING we to our God above
 Praise, eternal as his love ;
 Praise Him all ye heavenly host,
 Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost !

TO God who reigns enthron'd on high,
 To his dear Son who deign'd to die,
 Our guilt and curse t' remove ;
 To that blest Spirit, who life imparts,
 Who rules in all believing hearts,
 Be endless glory, praise, and love.

TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Be praise amidst the heav'ly host,
And in the church below ;
From whom all creatures drew their birth,
By whom redemption bless'd the earth,
From whom all comforts flow.

GIVE to the Father praise,
Give glory to the Son,
And to the Spirit of his grace
Be equal honours done.

TO God the Father's throne
Perpetual honours raise ;
Glory to God the Son,
To God the Spirit praise :
With all our pow'rs,
Eternal King,
Thy name we sing,
While faith adores.

The following Verse is sometimes sung as the
last verse of the 48th Hymn, page 40.

Oh ! may I bear some humble part
In that immortal song ;
Wonder and love shall tune my heart,
And praise command my tongue.



Gēben gratis.

HYMN CCXCV. *Lord, remember me.*

O, THOU, from whom all goodness flows,
I lift my voice to Thee!
In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes,
Dear Lord, remember me.

When guilt lies heavy on my heart,
Thy merits are my plea;
My pardon speak, and peace impart—
In love remember me.

From sin's defilement in my soul
I pant to be set free;
To save, and cleanse, and make me whole,
Dear Lord, remember me.

Temptations sore obstruct my way,
Lord, to my succour flee;
Give strength according to my day—
For good remember me.

If, for my love to thy dear name,
I must reproached be,
I'll hail reproach, and welcome shame,
If Thou remember me.

When I draw near the vale of death,
And meet the just decree,
Saviour, with my last parting breath,
I'll cry, Remember me.

HYMN CCXCVI.

Christ unchangeable.

WHAT a changing world is this !
Void of all substantial bliss ;
All we see beneath the sun,
In successive changes run ;
But our Jesus proves the same,
Endless blessings on his name.

Wisdom, holiness, and might,
Truth and justice, are his right ;
Boundless goodness, love supreme,
Flow'd eternally from him ;
Jesus Christ is still the same,
Endless blessings on his name.

Abra'm's bold, rebellious race
Found him full of truth and grace ;
Priests and prophets, all have told
What he did for saints of old ;
Jesus Christ is still the same,
Endless blessings on his name.

Let us to his throne repair,
Wait with humble patience there ;
He will soon our cries attend,
Love and save us to the end ;
He will ever prove the same,
Endless blessings on his name.

HYMN CCXCVII.

Kingdom of Christ enlarged.

LET us sing the King Messiah,
 King of righteousness and peace ;
 Hail him, all his happy subjects,
 Never let his praises cease :
 Ever hail him,
 Rich in mercy, truth, and peace.

Gird thy sword on, mighty Saviour,
 Make the word of truth thy car ;
 Prosper in thy course majestic,
 All success attend thy war :
 Mighty Victor,
 Make the world before thee bow.

Majesty, combin'd with meekness,
 Righteousness and peace unite ;
 To ensure thy blessed conquests,
 Ascertain, great Prince, thy right ;
 Ride triumphant,
 All around the conquer'd globe.

Blest are they that touch thy sceptre,
 Pardon, peace, and joy obtain ;
 Freed from sin that worst of tyrants,
 Rescu'd from its galling chain :
 Saints and angels,
 All who know thee bless thy reign.

HYMN CCXCVIII.

Office of the Holy Spirit.

YE saints, begin a cheerful song,
 Ye angels, bear a part ;
 To the Spirit we raise
 An anthem of praise,
 Who builds up his throne in our heart.
 When sin's malignant poison spread
 O'er Adam's wretched race,
 This heavenly Dove
 Came down from above,
 To change them by infinite grace.
 'T is he displays the bleeding cross,
 And prompts us to believe ;
 Our pardon he seals,
 And Jesus reveals,
 As able and willing to save.
 When Satan rises like a flood,
 To deluge us in grief,
 His rage he confounds,
 And sets him his bounds ;
 Affording us timely relief.
 By him we meet to praise and pray,
 And prove his worship sweet ;
 By him we ascend
 To Jesus our friend,
 And cast down our crowns at his feet.

Now to this heavenly Paraclete
 Your choicest off'rings bring ;
 Amen, and amen ;
 Repeat it again ;
 All praise to the Spirit we sing.

HYMN CCXCIX. *Desertion.*

ONCE was my soul indulg'd to prove
 The smiles of Jesu's face ;
 I knew my int'rest in his love,
 And triumph'd in his grace.
 I thought of hell with fearless heart,
 And wanted death to come ;
 It seem'd so pleasant to depart,
 And dwell with Christ at home.
 But, ah, these pleasing hours are fled,
 My Lord no more appears ;
 This strikes my choicest comforts dead,
 And fill my soul with tears.
 And shall this scene for ever last,
 Will Christ return no more ?
 O lovely Lamb, make haste, make haste,
 And former joys restore.

HYMN CCC. *Distress.*

ONCE more we meet to pray,
 Once more our guilt confess ;
 Turn not, O Lord, thine ear away
 From creatures in distress.

Our sins to heaven ascend,
And there for vengeance cry :
O God ! behold the sinner's Friend,
Who intercedes on high.
 Though we are vile indeed,
And well deserve thy curse,
The merits of thy Son we plead,
Who liv'd and died for us.
 Now let thy bowels yearn,
As they have done before ;
 Return to us, O God, return,
And ne'er forsake us more.

HYMN CCCI. *Prayer for Rain.*

NOW may the Lord of earth and skies
Regard us when we call ;
Tis he who bids the vapours rise,
And showers abundant fall.
 On thee, our God, we all depend,
For life, and health, and food ;
O make refreshing drops descend,
And crown the year with good.
 The evil and the just partake
These bounties of thy hand ;
 Nor will a God of love forsake
This long-indulged land.
 Let grace come down, as copious rain,
On Sion's drooping field ;
 So shall our souls revive again,
And fruits abundant yield.

Then smiling Nature shall imprint
 Her mighty Maker's praise ;
 And we, the children of thy grace,
 Join her harmonious lays.

HYMN CCCII. *Wet Harvest.*

O God, whose bounteous hand has crown'd
 The smiling fields with grain,
 Let not these precious fruits be drown'd
 With desolating rain.
 Command the threat'ning showers to cease,
 And make the sky serene ;
 That this revolving year's increase
 May all be gather'd in.
 Thou, who dost hear the ravens' cry,
 Our earnest prayers attend ;
 The needy poor with bread supply,
 And all our souls befriend.
 We now thy Gospel harvest share,
 But this will soon be past ;
 With grace abundant bless us here,
 And save our souls at last.

HYMN CCCIV. *Good Harvest.*

ONCE more our condescending God
 Has sent a harvest rich and good,
 Nor cank'ring worm, nor hostile band,
 Has spoil'd the produce of the land.

With kindly rays thy favours smile
On Britain's long-befriended isle ;
O let this favour'd isle at large
Her work of gratitude discharge.

We bless thy name for sun and showers,
And all the good that nature pours ;
But thy enriching stores of grace
Transcend our highest notes of praise.
Pour out thy gracious spirit, Lord,
And spread the influence of thy word ;
Till saints a richer harvest rise,
To fill the gatner of the skies.

HYMN CCCV.

Close of the Year.

WE raise our Ebenezer here,
With thankful hearts and joyful
tongues ;
For God has crown'd the closing year
With love that claims our highest songs.
From month to month, from day to day,
Our cup with blessings he did fill ;
He led through each intricate way,
And blesses and protects us still.
But, gracious God ! it damps our joys,
Our base ingratitude to see ;
Amidst such love, such rich supplies,
How seldom do we think of thee !

Forgive, forgive our mighty guilt,
 Nor let thine anger, Lord, appear ;
 Look on the blood the Saviour spilt,
 And let a pardon close the year.

HYMN CCCVI. *Baptism.*

BEHOLD us now assembled, Lord,
 Here let thy sacred presence be ;
 We are instructed in thy word,
 That children may be brought to thee.
 Submissive to thy mild commands,
 We now approach thy gracious throne :
 Receive this infant at our hands,
 And kindly seal him for thine own.
 While we baptize him in thy name,
 His native guilt and curse remove ;
 Diffuse thy graces through his frame,
 And all thy goodness let him prove.
 As olive-branches green and fair,
 So to his parents let him be ;
 But let him not become a briare,
 To turn away their hearts from thee.

HYMN CCCVII. *Closet.*

LORD, I from the world retire,
 Let the world retire from me ;
 I possess a strong desire
 To commune a while with thee.

I have busy been to-day,
 Busy with a Martha's heart ;
 Now I long to get away,
 To enjoy a Mary's part.

In this secret place thou hast
 Often eas'd me of my pain ;
 And a sense of mercies past
 Makes me love to come again.

Now thy presence manifest,
 Make with me a lasting stay ;
 This will sooth my soul to rest,
 This will turn my night to day.

When I to the world repair,
 With me, dearest Saviour, be ;
 In my various duties there,
 Let me still acknowledge thee.

HYMN CCCVIII.

Woman drawing near the Time of Travail

L O, the painful hour's at hand ;
 How shall I the trial stand ?
 Can I not some promise find,
 To support my feeble mind ?

I shall find enough to bear,
 Void of all my fruitless care ;
 Jesus, let thy power convey
 Strength proportion'd to my day.

Thou didst travail once in birth,
 For the wretched sons of earth ;
 With temptation thou wast tried,
 Thou hast languish'd, groan'd, and died.

Let thy travail ease my pain,
 Raise my drooping hopes again ;
 Timely help do thou afford
 To thy handmaid, dearest Lord.

Bless the child, the parents bless,
 With thy sanctifying grace ;
 One in love and one in thee,
 Dearest Jesus, let us be.

HYMN CCCIX.

Praise for Deliverance in Child-birth.

LO, from the borders of the grave,
 Jesus, thy hand is strong to save,
 And thou hast made it bare !
 In deep distress thine handmaid pray'd,
 And thou hast interpos'd thine aid,
 In answer to her prayer.

Oft was her soul depress'd with fear,
 As the expected hour drew near,
 And greatly did she mourn ;
 But now her gloomy fears depart,
 And smiling mercy melts her heart,
 And former joys return.

Thus favour'd in the time of need,
 Her eyes behold her infant seed,
 And prailes fill her tongue ;
 Her husband of the joy partakes,
 And now this happy soul awakes,
 To join the grateful song.

HYMN CCCX. *Prayer for Children.*

THOU who a tender parent art,
 Regard a parent's plea ;
 My offspring, with an auxious heart,
 I now commend to thee.

My children are my chiefest care,
 A charge which thou hast giv'n ;
 In all thy graces let them share,
 And all the joys of heav'n.

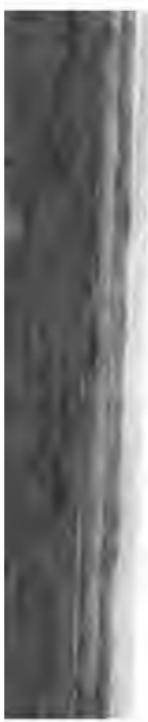
If a centurion could succeed,
 Who for his servant cried,
 Wilt thou refuse to hear me plead
 For those so near allied ?

On me thou hast bestow'd thy grace,
 Be to my children kind ;
 Among thy saints give them a place,
 And leave not one behind.

Happy we then shall live below,
 The remnant of our days ;
 And when to brighter worlds we go,
 Shall ever sound thy praise.

THE END.

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